

JANUARY, 1976

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

50¢

Maclean's

Has time run out for Drapeau?

**THE GREAT AMERICAN
BICENTENNIAL
FOLLIES**

Interview

With ROBERT SAM ANSON

Robert Sam Anson was a college student when John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas 17 years ago, and he continues joining his classmates in its mourning cheer when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. In the years since, Anson, now 30 and an investigative journalist of some distinction (he is currently political editor of *New Times* magazine), has come to doubt the Warren Commission's assertion that Oswald fired the shot that killed the President. His observations are contained in a book *They've Killed The President* published in November, which reveals facts the Warren Commission didn't consider overlooked or covered up. Anson was interviewed for *Maclean's* by Gordon Gault. He had just returned from a radio phone-in show, observing that "the real man must be out. I talked to a woman who told me Richard Nixon is slowly poisoning Martin Luther."

Maclean's: Who killed John F. Kennedy?
Anson: I don't know. That's a simple answer. The suspicion of anyone who says they do know and I wish I had a nickel for every time I've been called at three o'clock in the morning by a heavy breather who says he knows who the assassin is. I've heard everything from Madame Nhu to Texas oil millionaires to Southern racists to Richard Nixon to the Japanese, Chinese, Koreans—you name it.

Maclean's: *On the year book you suggest some possibilities, and they don't include the lone gunman theory advanced by the Warren Commission.*
Anson: Yes, I have theories, but no conclusions. If and when we fix inquiry will there be a cleaned up in a limited case, to vent question. I think what has to be done in a case this complex is basically to answer three standard law enforcement questions: that police ask in any normal investigation, questions that were never asked in this case: who had the motive, the means and the opportunity to kill the victim. In this case, when you ask these questions I think you come up with organized crime. They kill all three categories plus an important fourth one—usually the power to turn off any investigation into their activities.

Maclean's: What would organized crime have stood to gain?
Anson: We know that in 1,000 days John Kennedy did more damage to the structure of organized crime in the United States than Hoover had done before he died. At the time of his brother's death, Robert Kennedy was planning a massive assault on the mob in the State of Nevada. We

know that when Robert Kennedy left the Justice Department nine months after his brother's assassination, organized crime prosecutions dropped 75%. We know that certain living policy decisions of the Kennedy administration had a direct impact on the mob. These decisions affected the billions of dollars in drug profits. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs identified Cuba during the Batista regime as the main source for the heroin that was



WHO HAD THE MEANS, THE MOTIVE AND THE OPPORTUNITY TO KILL KENNEDY? ORGANIZED CRIME

coming into the United States. Fidel's law enforcement officials attacked the gambling alone in cash coming from the Havana casinos before Castro took power at \$100 million dollars a year. These things came to an end at the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Maclean's: In your book you also include the view that the organized crime of the assassination is, at best, purely coincidental to it.

Anson: There is a connection. The central piece that's always been missing in understanding the Kennedy assassination has been so much about information, only reported recently. And that is the fundamental understanding that organized crime and the Central Intelligence Agency have been working in a hand-and-glove relationship so closely that it's impossible

at times to distinguish where the interests of organized crime begin and the interests of national security leave off. Their projects have included the assassination of foreign leaders. One of these leaders is set now because of severe testimony before the Church committee, was Fidel Castro. And we now know other things not known in 1963—namely, that organized crime was involved with the agency in finding and supplying weapons to a number of violent Cuban exiles groups. And President Kennedy attempted in 1963 to bring these activities to a halt. If you take a look at Oswald's background in the months immediately preceding the President's death, when he was in New Orleans, you find out that he was associated with both mob and intelligence figures. In New Orleans he visited the anti-Castro right and started a pro-Castro Fair Play For Cuba committee. Now this behavior seems to become there is no way to explain it. But we know today that this attempted utilization of both right and left involves a standard operating procedure for government provocations. The mob and the intelligence community come together very readily over the island of Cuba, and it was one place where both the mob and the agency had a very real interest. President Kennedy was one of the things that stood in the way.

Maclean's: Several revelations about the CIA make it appear to believe the agency is capable of anything, even murder.

Anson: Well, I don't believe the CIA as an institution had anything to do with the death of President Kennedy. But I think it is a wholly open question whether individual agents of a central intelligence agency were involved in the assassination.

Maclean's: It's also an open question whether the agency was in any way involved with Lee Harvey Oswald. Director William Colby denied it as a mere coincidence in the assassination. And yet it seems unlikely for the agency to deny it had any dealings with a man who defected to the Soviet Union, then returned to the United States and was involved in both pro and anti-Castro activities.

Anson: I don't believe what we can expect Bill Colby to say. "Gee I know Lee Harvey Oswald. He dropped in for lunch a week before the assassination." Colby's credibility is certainly not the highest in the American government. But I think you've got to put yourself in the position of the CIA on the afternoon of November 22, 1963, when you find out that the man who worked for you in the Soviet Union has just been accused for the murder of the Pres-

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glorified techniques, have analyzed those films and concluded that the bomb traces never bledward but that it never bledward. And the explosion that hit the President. There was a motorcycle officer posted to the left rear of the Presidential limousine at the time of the fatal head shot and the motorcycle officer was splattered, with explosive force by blood and brain tissue. It hit him with such force he thought he'd been shot. Now that would indicate a bullet coming from the right of the President's limousine and in front of it. It wouldn't hit on that either.

McNair: I'm a realist when I come to work with the assassins. What prompted you to do this book that demands a new investigation into it?

Ansari: I got something wrong when I saw the Zapruder film on television in March. I saw the wrong things in that film. It was the head snap and the explosion of the President's head that just brought back all those memories that I with only partial access. And had to suppress for the last 12 years. Now to that I never thought seriously about the case, although I always thought seriously about the Kennedy. It's just say that falling in the back. It's just say that I don't make any pretense about it my opinion for John Kennedy.

McNair: How do you feel about becoming involved in the "Who Killed JFK?" movement. It's populated to a large degree by people who can fairly be called kooks. By the Dick Gregory of the world who see conspiracy behind every event.

Ansari: Well, I'm not of that ilk. Let me say that I think there is a reasonable case explanation for the assassination of President Kennedy and how it was covered up. I don't think it involves whole platoon of conspirators. I don't think there are people involved in this, in this case, or in this case. I don't think it involves the whole platoon of conspirators that Jim Garrison once said it did. I think one of the problems in understanding the Kennedy case is the part (1) everyone staying away from the story? It is even possible, possible that the Washington Post and the New York Times have never written for one day?

Ansari: No. I don't have any such sympathy about those newspapers. And I think So Henry is the best reporter in America, but he has been turned off during for the same reason I was turned off it. I think it's understandable. You have to remember that reporters are not supermen. They are very ordinary, middle-class people who have mortgages to pay. They want to get ahead. They want to keep their credibility with their bosses. They want to get their paychecks. They have tough jobs. They don't like being bothered by people who if you don't believe them, say that you're a member of a conspiracy. Then turn a reporter off. This story is a damned complex one—more than 10 million words in the Warren Commission report, 40 or more books and hundreds of magazine articles

have been written. And now there are thousands of pages of newly disclosed information to pore over and dozens of eyewitnesses who have to talk to it is a very tough story to get hold of and I haven't got hold of it fully. All the succeeded in doing is making myself even more bothered about it and having more questions about it.

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WHAT'S NEEDED IS THE SAME THING THAT BROKE OPEN THE WATERGATE CASE: A HANGING JUDGE

Just now we're only "see My Herk story away from a new investigation." What is everyone staying away from the story? It is even possible, possible that the Washington Post and the New York Times have never written for one day?

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Ansari: Well, first of all I think it's the business of Congress to establish that (a) there was a conspiracy, (b) both the CIA and the FBI were involved, and (c) there are very serious questions about Oswald's background and links to American intelligence. Great Congress does that I don't believe that it's the place of Joe Representative from Montgomery County to go about trying to take the place of a law enforcement officer. That's not the job for professional Warren Commission critics or reporters or Congressmen but for a special prosecutor somebody who is tough, who can be ruthless who is not afraid to go after the answers whenever they get it. Who doesn't have ties to government, most especially to organized crime, and that's going to be tough finding somebody with those kind of credentials. And I think a CIA if can be as well as that can go to the truth.

McNair: How do you feel about the CIA and the FBI even if they were being investigated under these conditions, from shedding and destroying evidence and lying again?

Ansari: What would prevent that if it were that that finally cracked the Watergate case—namely the prospect of having a hanging judge who will send people to jail for four years, and that's how a special prosecutor can operate. He can hang people before a grand jury and he can investigate them with contempt. If the prosecutor is put on witnesses they will talk.

McNair: Suppose that kind of investigation is held and a cover-up in the Kennedy assassination. What's that going to do to the American people about their country?

Ansari: Nothing is going to surprise the American people at this point. They've been so freaked out and lied to already.

McNair: You feel they've used some thing better than the explanation they've been told?

Ansari: Well, Voltaire said it best: "To the dead one owes only consideration to the living the truth."

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Letters

Harboring resentment

I am surprised that a magazine of the nature of *Maclean's* would deliberately set out to do a story with one hand eye as displayed in *Shoreline* (TV Review column) (December 1). The article is reminiscent of the fable about the wolf who decided to sit at a lamb that was drinking next to him at a stream. The wolf accused the lamb of muddying his drinking water. "But," said the lamb, "I am down stream from you." The wolf then complained that the lamb had muddied him the year before. "I was only here that spring," the lamb replied. "Thus it must have been your brother." And the wolf began baying his way.

It seems that *Maclean's* is well demonstrated to show up Harbourfront, regardless of the facts. Thus, we are accused of faking jobs or to promise made in 1972 although the promised plan is not due until March 31, 1976. Actually, we are well ahead of schedule. Harbourfront Council will be submitting a plan to the Minister of State for Urban Affairs, the Hon. Barry Deane in mid-January—two and a half months before the set date. You present a comparison between an article in *Maclean's* of the dream and a photograph of current reality as if the dream had happened. In fact, the project is shaping up nicely like the sketch you published. It is also disappointing that your article should condemn the public participation process. While it has inevitably led to some confusion, it is far better for us to be uncertain at the beginning to examine all the options to probe and to provide and to provide to be sure now and sorry later. The final colour of the project is extremely out of sorts with the rest of the article. It seems

to have been composed by a mischievous printer's devil sitting at random through the files of the Globe and Mail, garbling facts without discrimination. Yes, I am a denier of Nova North. Yet Nova North does have a contract with the Ministry of State for Urban Affairs to supply services at Harbourfront. But I could not possibly "suffer" from this revelation because despite your comments of conflict of interest, the contract that Nova North has with MUA is to supply my services and to pay for material studies and expenses as no gas to either myself or the company.

As for referring to discuss my contract with you, I do not wish to discuss it. LIONARD PETERCHUK, GENERAL MANAGER, HARBOURFRONT, TORONTO

Just for the Barrett record

I had it necessary to point out a number of factual errors in Jacques Hamilton's *Soil* (December 1). *The Regent* (December 1). Hamilton says that when Barrett was both premier and revenue minister, he spent close to \$700 million more than it earned. Yet it is well known to me that every budget brought in by Barrett was over the previous year's. Barrett was a surplus budget. Then Hamilton suggested that Canadian Cellulose, a government-owned paper company, was not a success. The figure told the truth. The company lost \$10 million three years ago while it was in private hands, but it made a \$23.9 million profit during the first nine months of 1975 while it was under the government.

The article notes that Resources Minister Bob Williams announced a \$290-million expansion grant to Cancon. In fact no government grant has been made. Cancon did announce a \$290-million expansion

plan and said that the money would come from internal cash flows and long-term borrowing. Then Hamilton said that one of Cancon's subsidiary plants requires about \$60 million in pollution abatement equipment. He neglected to point out that the plant is now operating under a valid pollution control permit.

Regarding the Ocean Falls pulp and paper mill proposed in the government in 1973 from Cancon's 25th round, Hamilton said that "Williams was planning to approve a \$300 million scheme." But there has been no "refusal" or advance of this amount of money into Ocean Falls, nor has the government ever considered such a scheme. We did commission a study to look at how the community could be maintained after the foreign owners pulled out, and Ocean Falls was then thriving.

Hamilton refers to government "money losses" such as the British Columbia Railway and the forests. The facts are somewhat distorted since he did not report that the forest's losses resulted from a conscious decision not to raise fares from the 1972 level and to subsidize the forest until the announcement of the 1972-73 federal deficit of the BC Railway brought the deficit to \$55 million to December 31, 1972. The nature supported by the previous Social Credit government resigned and was subsequently repaid for one year from the Accumulated Income Tax. The higher deficit is merely a restatement of the situation. Hamilton does not mention that the government's British Columbia Petroleum Corporation made a \$90-million profit last year.

Finally, Hamilton reports that "Premier Barrett has refused to disclose the source of \$200 million in loans to AC Hydro." The loans are not from unknown sources; they are from Amib countries that have made similar money market arrangements in Ontario and Quebec.

CHARLOTTE H. MINISTERS OF FINANCE AND AGRICULTURE, MINISTERS OF AGRICULTURE, BC

Where credit is due . . .
Dr. Thompson's In Use Of Care, Relief (December 1) should have been particularly interesting to Canadians since the police who discovered and stored the plasma calcium-lowering hormone (Calcitonin) in the early 1970s is Dr. D. Harold Copp of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. The group of researchers at the University of Southern California were cited as having "considerable success" using natural Calcitonin for the treatment of Paget's disease but one should bear in mind that Dr. Copp was the

first to prove the existence of this hormone as the biochemical plant of vitamin and also experimented with that principle as the treatment of Paget's disease. It would be a pity if the reflection of a great scientific achievement went unnoticed. DR. R. H. MINISTERS OF FINANCE AND AGRICULTURE, MINISTERS OF AGRICULTURE, BC

Harbouring on gas

The Last Gas by Ian Unsworth (December 1) obviously addresses a very complex subject, but it fails to adequately explain why natural gas supplies are needed from the Mackenzie River Delta. Canadians need gas for two reasons: 1) to help reduce the enormous costs of rapidly growing imports of energy in the form of oil from OPEC countries, and 2) to help reduce the economic and environmental objectives of Canadian uses of gas.

Since we now spend much more externally than we earn, with oil and gas supplies being big factors in the deficit, we must come to grips with the situation by producing more or getting by with less. There are no other choices. The proposed Arctic Gas pipeline to transport delta gas to Canadian consumers offers one of the best opportunities to produce more. At full capacity, the pipeline would reduce the net oil imports by as much as 31.7 million barrels per year. Since the pipeline will transport U.S. gas from Alaska across Canada to U.S. consumers it will be an export, not a net import. Moving this Alaskan gas also makes it possible to move delta gas earlier and at less cost.

We must remember that, unlike oil, imported gas supplies are not available to meet any shortfalls in domestic supplies and that import gas costs much more than to other fuels. The National Energy Board found that supplies from frontier areas are necessary, yet there are no present applications to supply frontier gas, other than from the delta area, so this option is apparent. This potential saving of almost delta gas 8,000 miles and along the Arctic coast to look up with a pipeline from the Arctic islands is viable but the cost would be prohibitive.

The article is incorrect in quoting Arctic Gas president V. L. Horne as "making the point that if a pipeline isn't built in the next two years, Canada will face a serious shortage." The fact is that after all final government authorizations have been secured, it will not be another five to five years before the pipeline can be completed. The responsibility is on industry as regulatory bodies and on government to initiate price requirements and to make early decisions.

W. F. WILDER, CHAIRMAN, CANADIAN ARCTIC GASPANEL LTD., TORONTO

As always, Tiger's
 Reading *Maclean's* used to be somewhat like drinking prize juice, something that needed to be done but it was not really an ungratifying or unenjoyable experience. I used to feel myself doubly compelled

by patriotic goals every three months to buy an additional part of the old *Maclean's*. Then having done my duty, I felt like a prostrated Canadian. But now I run through it with undebated glee. I think it is one of the best of all my friends and I actually enjoy reading the *Maclean's*. It is not so much more interesting than "Scoop" Jackson, and what's more he is difficult to recognize and generally different from "those" across the border. In fact the whole magazine reflects this refreshing state of being. You've done it, you really have. You have produced a readable, subtle, informative and, God bless you, a culturally sensitive

Canadian magazine. Free, free, free thank God I'm free from Tiger's old *Maclean's*. KEVIN H. STEVENS, ERIKSTON

Count to one, please

I agree with Ron Mac's critique (December 1) of the *Mac's* *Andy* magazine show. For the *Andy* is a "count to one to count" disappointment and it doesn't come close to matching the high level of information and entertainment in the old *The Century*. In *The Morning Show*, when I listen to *Andy* I get a mental picture of a round, middle-aged woman, bored to death and consistently looking at the clock, waiting for twelve noon to roll around.

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Preview

APPOINTMENT IN HAVANA. TRUDEAU PARTS THE SUGAR-CANE CURTAIN

Once upon a more frivolous time, Pierre Trudeau set off for Cuba by plane only to be intercepted by the U.S. Coast Guard. After that, of course, Trudeau has found steady work in Ottawa and the only paddling he does these days isn't his new swimming pool. But Cuba still beckons, and for four days will highlight his 13-day jaunt to Latin America (July 21 to February 1). Fidel Castro is expected to be a warm host, in a 12-hour report to the Cuban Communist Party's *Isuicio*

alone grew to more than \$335 million last year. But Trudeau wants to explore ways of reducing trade to Venezuela and helping the stricken one-billion-dollar-plus nation we had in 1974 with that oil-rub nation.

A little bit of sugar...

Despite pre-Christmas scurrying by some of Ontario's 12,000 physicians unhappy with their billing system (since 1970 increases in their fee schedule have averaged only 3% a year), there is no chance of a doctors' strike in the province. The Ontario Medical Association says amicable negotiations between the two, and the Ontario government have resumed. Doctors elsewhere in Canada no doubt will wish the Ontario settlement with success, particularly if it exceeds the federal guidelines and the Am-Infection Board is added to make a ruling.

The good-news Olympics

For most Canadians this year, the word Olympics is associated with terrorism. Montreal, won-

dal or instant riches from the lottery. But there is another Olympics, at Innsbruck Austria, next month, and Canadian winter athletes may just stick a supertest in the world's car. Canadian biathlete-formerly have surely been higher than they are landing up to bio-track. Keep an eye on our man stems—particularly downhill racers. Three levels of Thudard, Roy, Osborn, and Ken Read of Calgary. Both have already won World Cup races this season. Among our skiers worth noting: Toller Cranston, who's at the top of his form.

Beware of the dog

The Juchal, as terror Carol Marston has been dubbed (after novelist Friedrich Schlegel's fictional animal), is on the loose again. Police and security officials in virtually every Western country are biting their nails, wondering where he'll strike next. Having got away from his following, his own agency driving away and angel officials from the Vienna headquarters of the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), Marston (aka Jack Rasmusen Stachow) is believed to be back in business at his whereabouts. Terrorist book, which is what he whimsically calls his gang of headpopped desperadoes. The Juchal and his "book" appear phenomenally in news with Dr. George Hahn's book's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine in their approach to any Arab or communist with intent. With his gang's virtually paid and sudden bombings to widespread that their shock value has been diluted, terrorists are turning to spectacular attacks on prominent institutions and individuals in the Vatican. None of this is reassuring to Canadian authorities who are fretting about security at the Montreal Olympics. Already the federal government has taken steps to tighten border checks this year. Air passengers from overseas will have to fill out dis-

tribution cards. Troops will patrol the Olympic site itself. Nobody is laughing about any of this—except maybe the Juchal himself.

All the President's grief

in the United States, it's a Presidential year. But in the delirious world of movies and books it's likely to be the Year Of The Trick (except). Yes,



Woodward and Bernstein are last kick at Richard Nixon

people are and going to be kicking around Richard M. Nixon, but even after the former President fled his Washington bunker and went sobbing into seclusion at Camp David. These celebrated scribes from the Washington Post, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, will dominate the field once again. The film of their blockbuster, *All the President's Men*, starring Robert Redford and Faye Dunaway as Woodward and Bernstein, is expected to be so close to the box office. Their newest book on Nixon's ill-fated presidency, *The Final Days*, will dominate the spring best-seller lists after a phenomenal prepublication promotion (it's already a full selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, will be excerpted in *Newsweek* and the *London Times*). Which is a treat for Woodward and Bernstein, who have made so much money out of the Trick and Watergate that their boss, Fox executive editor Ben Bradlee, once suggested they build a \$100-million hotel for the last time.



Castro: Canada's Trudeau is



Crusades in the one year he takes it off

two coauthors last month, Castro mentioned Trudeau, and lauded Canada for avoiding "crude practices of colonialism" and U.S. pressure to join Washington's economic blockade of Cuba. Canada, Cruso pointed out, serves as a bridge between the developed industrial world and the Latin American and Caribbean south. Even though Canada was a capitalist nation, Cuba held out the prospect to Canadian business of about \$400 million in orders under a new five-year plan. Trudeau, who is expected to speak Spanish addresses in Cuba, Mexico and Venezuela, will be demonstrating his government's five-year commitment to a "systematic strengthening" of ties with Latin America. Exports to the three countries

Canada

DELIVERING A SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM

Two Tory suns called Prime Minister Trudeau a "fascist" who is leading the country toward a dictatorship. Joe Menz of the Canadian Labour Congress attacked Trudeau's "Orwellian nightmare." Stumpson vice-president George Burton accused that the Prime Minister was "trying to strangle society by beating a change." All this harsh language was a year-end hit of Trudeau's toughness, in a year-end hit of meaning, that the free-enterprise system is no longer working and that Canadians can expect more government intervention and a "new economic equilibrium" (see back). But the hyperbole checking out looked two points: the initiative, as a new peeking under of Trudeau's statements, and the actual amount of his analysis that there is a lack of real competition in the marketplace. Trudeau between his words and deeds seems to be following John Kenneth Galbraith, whose writings are now standard reading in the Trudeau circle. Galbraith, the Prime Minister said, "has permeated my thoughts."

Eighteen months ago, the PM and the Harvard professor had dinner together in Montreal. "I can't remember our characteristic conversation precisely," Galbraith

wrote from his Cambridge, Massachusetts, home. "But I do have a widely extended secondary to lecture people on economic events in his of view."

The essence of the doctrine spelled out in Galbraith's 1973 book *Economics and The Public Purpose* is that there are two dominant forces at play in the economy—the "market system" and "planning system" and in Galbraith's words that small businesses and farmers respond to competition, which establishes prices and incomes. In the second, says Galbraith, larger corporations and their associated socialist to effect on the prices and wages because, although few in number, they dominate the economy. Accordingly when a big food chain increases wages in response to

action demands the cost a toll to the consumer. Trudeau has embraced Galbraith's view that there is large competition and sees that made up the planning system need to be controlled in his year-end statements, he simply raised the proposition that government could better regulate the consumer good by getting stronger control and labor unionism moderating the pace of wage settlements.

Even pragmatists, Trudeau's immediate men may be nothing more than to create a national system of joint management to ensure the success of his controls program. So far, at least, he has stopped short of any specific talk about where he is heading, if he is in fact knows. As he told TV viewers: "There is no master plan in my mind or in some little group in my office which will tell the world in general and Canada in particular where it must go." The thinking about immediate legislative promises for the government in fact is fairly modest.

Last fall the cabinet jockeyed in emergency, 50-page statute that would in the next three years the theory that the government was trying to do too much while it was perceived as doing too little. Instead it settled on inflation and "peace and security" as the major themes for the months ahead. Accordingly, low and order will dominate the Commons for up to eight weeks in the new year. The price and security package will include a bid to a) back wages. Because of a forced back in that there will be no wage increases imposed by the Liberal caucus, in keeping the time-correlated employees and a "bait and switch" will spread in prison.

Before the summer break, the Liberals are contemplating a series of house-clearing measures, such as increasing the Canadian Aid bill from \$100 to \$175 in 1977 to increase the "anti-inflation and beyond" stage. A lack of resources to launch any costly new programs will likely keep the budget (and inexpensive) reform of family law to the forefront, under consideration. More likelihood of domestic and international laws that eliminate the current concept of human rights violations.

Energy will be another visible area of activity. A government of spending will create a \$10 a barrel for domestic oil next July, which would reduce the present government subsidy for one-year oil by some 500 million dollars. The government plans to stress conservation from lowered

speed limits to more efficient consumption to cars and homes. Completed lead regulations governing exploration and drilling for oil, long requested by the companies, are also under study.

This is the period in which Trudeau's thinking about a new economic system will crystallize. An important aspect from a future-Humanism movement on collective bargaining in the civil service could lead to changes aimed at reducing strikes in essential national services. Much-delayed legislation giving the government powers to regulate employers could pop up at about the time the Royal Commission on the Consolidation of Corporate Power submits its report. The latest spending on ethnic travel promised by Trudeau in the 1974 election campaign is now a moot. Instead, the government will be on minority trust and a reorganization of ferry, port and institutional social services.

In sum, the hints date provides that will not occur the during "We are in for a long struggle," Trudeau declared in a Montreal radio talk last month. In fact the chances of the year-end may serve to deflect attention from a death of innovation issues.

ROBERT LEWIS

Among the survivors were...

Last week the Trudeau government's pre-election budget job on government spending, a conservative has raised over the total of the \$1.5-billion had gotten. The Conservatives claimed the cuts were phony, the war charged they were hurtful. Almost overlooked in the rush to get government was the government program that occupied the most. Many programs sup-

ported for elimination or at least major surgery by Treasury Board president Alan Chrétien in his confidential memo to cabinet November 28 was left virtually untouched in the government's final list, announced December 18. The programs appear indicate a marked government preference for farmers and businesses.

over, for example, young people who will be the chief victims of the elimination or curtailment of Opportunities for Youth, Company of Young Canadians and Local Initiatives Program. The last includes:

• The Western Grain Stabilization Program that to begin this year. Chrétien had suggested postponing the program, which will subsidize the export of prairie grain farmers for one year, thereby saving the taxpayer up to \$180 million.

• The new Agricultural Stabilization Program, which will subsidize incomes of farmers other than prairie grain growers. Chrétien had suggested introducing to the program that would have saved the taxpayer up to \$160 million.

• The wheat subsidy program, under which the government subsidizes wheat growers for the difference between the world price for wheat (about \$4.75 a bushel) and the domestic price (\$3.25 a bushel). Chrétien had suggested raising the domestic price to \$3.75 a bushel to save taxpayers \$34 million in subsidies this



year, although contractors would have had to pay more for loans.

• The \$33-million Program for Advancement of Industrial Technology (PART) under which the government gives money to industry "to encourage industrial growth and efficiency by supporting the development of new or improved products and processes for commercial markets." Chrétien had suggested eliminating it. The cabinet cut a more two million dollars.

• The \$16-million Defense Industry Productivity Program (DIP), which is "designed to enhance the technological competence of the Canadian defense industry." Chrétien had suggested eliminating it. Only three million dollars was cut.

• The Industrial Research and Development Incentives (IRDI), under which companies get cash grants for money spent on

The master's voice

During a batch of speeches after interviews last month, Prime Minister Trudeau set out his latest vision of a different Canada society which he calls "the beginnings of a new equilibrium."

On December 12 to the Hamilton Growth Council, Trudeau said: "We've got to get back to this kind of reasonableness on which our society and our economy was built in former times... I don't want to try and sound too revolutionary, even too idealistic, but we've got to move a slowly back to better things, a society of better rather than more. A society where people are judged not by what they have and by what they own (but) a society where people are judged by what they are and what they do."

December 20 in a city interview with Bruce Phillips and Carole Taylor. "We have to make new decisions, new and bold decisions. Many people will see those conflicts on the way a lot of strong medicine we'll have to take in order to get inflation down, but it's really more than that. It is a massive intervention into the dec-



ision-making power of the economic process and at a telling. Certainly we haven't been able to make the free market system work. The system is out of joint, our problem is how to deal with bigness not how to do away with it."

"The government is going to take a larger role in running institutions, as we're doing with our anti-inflation controls, as we'll be increasingly doing even after the controls are ended... It means there's going to be no less authority in our lives but perhaps more..."

There is no longer a belief in the absolute liberal state. It is an interventionist state which intervenes to make sure that the strong and the powerful don't abuse their strength and their power in order to take freedoms away.

In the wavin' wheat, things sure look sweet

It used to be said in Saskatchewan, only partly in jest, that the last person to leave the province should turn off the lights. And there was good reason. In 1965 agricultural income, the most significant economic indicator, was a mere \$193 million. Four years ago, when the average bushel, it was one billion dollars, it probably had the three-billion-dollar mark in 1975.

With money in their pockets, the province's residents have gone on something of a spending spree. During Christmas

many department stores and specialty shops ran out of popular items and were looking up orders in such weight weeks. Even the real estate trade found business as severely as elsewhere. For instance, Saskatoon's real estate during the holiday season were estimated at around two million dollars a day. Customers came in and placed their orders in person. In Regina, where general manager, William Firth said, his main problem was making the demand "Average orders were bigger and



A rich man has his motorcar. Saskatchewan joins the "haves" with a vengeance.

people wanted bigger items." A major item in demand was in Regina was sold out of an up-of-the-bar machine, which cost more than \$800, even before Christmas. Grocery chains reported a 27% increase in income during the first half of the year. Department stores chains jumped 21.3%. Sales for furniture, tv, radio and appliances went up 34.2%, jewelry 20%. In total, retail trade rose 30.3% during the first six months of 1975.

Nearly everyone has money because nearly everyone is working. Last September, with 7.5% of the national work force jobless, unemployment in the once hardest prairie province was running at an incredible 1.9%. Indeed, farmers are so hard up for hard help that offers of \$1,000 a month plus a house are not uncommon. Industry, too, has opened its eyes. The average wage has shot up from \$135.61 to \$184.29 per week, a 20% increase in the past year. Not surprisingly, people don't joke about leaving the province any more—in fact, in the past two years more than 15,000 people have moved to Saskatchewan, swelling its population to 1,810,000—and as for turning off the lights, no one appears to be worried about paying the electricity bill.

GERALD WARD

bled by the crop failure, one year's year could result in serious food shortages that would threaten the very foundations of the Soviet economic system.

For the present Russian leaders can depend on reserves from the 1973-74 bumper crop as well as the 25-odd million tons of

meat consumption is now higher than in 1973.

With a rising demand for both food and consumer goods, Moscow knows its one five-year plan must eliminate the inefficiency and waste that so characteristically a part of breakfast growth. To that end the



Russian shoppers on a spree: not only lots of bread, but meat to go with it.

grain Moscow purchased mainly from Canada and the United States to provide enough grain for daily needs. Indeed officials are making every effort to ensure that bread is plentiful and will continue to be sold at its current price of 17 cents a loaf. Their concern is based on politics. Bread and soup are staples of the Russian diet and any cutback in bread supplies would provoke an outcry just as the Soviet Party Congress convenes next month. The Congress is an important forum that allows political leaders to lead the achievements of the last five-year plan. Ironically, they will have much to boast about. In the past decade Soviet grain production has risen more by 40% from 451.7 million tons to between 1965-3 to 642.3 million tons over the past five years. But when bad weather strikes, as it did last year, basic agricultural weaknesses become apparent. Shortages of fertiliser and the lack of modern and efficient harvesting equipment frustrate efforts to improve the yield.

Since Soviet officials know that future food shortages will no longer be blandly accepted by the Russian public no matter what the cause, The standard of living in the Soviet Union has been rising steadily for the past two decades and the Soviet state has kept pace. While per capita consumption of food may not yet be equal to Canada's, the average Soviet citizen is eating almost as well as his counterpart in Britain. In fact per capita grain consumption in Korea is 713 kilograms, substantially higher than the North American level of 633 kilograms per person. Although part of this is due to waste through inefficient storage and distribution, much of the wasted grain (not) goes to feed cattle as the population turns more and more to meat as a food staple (Soviet

commentators and production experts have sought to meet one productivity by more efficient use of existing resources rather than creating vast new manufacturing complexes as they have in the past. The new plan, which takes the Soviet economy through to 1990, sets an annual production target of approximately 230 million tons of grain. To achieve that goal, the Politburo is pledging an increase of 20% more than the 143 billion rubles Moscow spent on agriculture during the past five years. New emphasis will be placed on increasing equipment, livestock production and storage facilities. It's a formidable goal: Russian forests have only one in ten hectares achieved a harvest that topped the 200 million-ton mark. But the Soviet leaders are all too aware of the cuts that could have occurred in 1975 and, for the moment at least, Russia's best minds will no doubt be working on the progress of forest as closely as they monitor the struggle of drought.

BY MICHAEL

ONE

Lies, torturers and war

When Chile's right-wing military junta seized control of the country from Salvador Allende's socialist regime two years ago, the new rulers made all of the old promises. They told the nation that the bomb-bellied President Allende, the socialist and union paraded with protesters and the trucks stacked with bodies were justified in order to save the nation from Marxism. They said Chileans could expect "a peace without victors or vanquished" and a military government devoted solely to the national interest.

The Chileans have since learned the hard way that the only interest President

Augusto Pinochet appears to have in preserving the junta's unbelievably brutal rule. To ensure absolute power he has stripped Chile of every vestige of democracy. The country's constitution is still suspended, the national Congress is closed and the press has been silenced. Even the junta's economic policies have led to disaster. Chile's inflation rate of 375% is the world's highest, more than 20% of the working force is unemployed and many of the poor are suffering from starvation.

Even their lack for more fortunate than that of the 4,000-odd political prisoners reportedly jammed into Chile's jails. Almost from the day the junta took power, its president told of notorious concentration camps where political dissidents were beaten and starved in order to get them to sign confessions and betray others. Last fall, a special panel appointed by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights issued a report stating that in such prisoners were forced to swallow castor oil, to be held to electrical shock and eventually killed by dogs. Chile's government vigorously denied the allegations, but now there is fresh evidence that the worst can be believed. Shelia Cassidy, a 37-year-old British physician held by the Chilean junta for two months after she had treated a Chilean guerrilla for wounds, claims she was stripped, tied down to a bed and tortured "for approximately two hours" with electrical shocks. "I don't want to go into the details of what they did to me," she told a London press conference. British Foreign Secretary James Callaghan fired off a strong protest to the Chilean government. When public opinion moved, Callaghan announced he was recalling Richard Goodwin, Britain's ambassador to Chile, "voluntarily."

This latest evidence of the Chilean's isn't



Cassidy: the shock heard round the world

sure tactics could have far-reaching effects on the junta. The United States is the only Western democracy still supporting Pinochet's regime, but with mounting world reaction to Dr. Cassidy's indictment Washington may be forced to sever its ties with Santiago. Without continued American aid there is little doubt that Chile's畸形的 backward economy would fall and Augusto Pinochet's regime would certainly be toppled.

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Cashing in on cancer

ANDY McNAUGHTON CAME FROM ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED FAMILIES IN CANADA. NOW HE'S IN MEXICO PUSHING A QUACK CANCER CURE

is the attitude that hangs over the deserted dashboard of Tijuana's main highway, the secondary road ticks the first drops of yesterday's rain out of the clouds, pouring here and there a cracked and withered look of clay. Down on the beaches, the tourists are peering at their cold bodies beneath a like-appearing human sacrifice, but up here on the main, just across the highway from the building, a small black-haired woman named Elina sits from the glare. She is a tourist herself, has flown all the way down the coast from Vancouver, but she has come on this \$300 road trip hoping that she could not afford to be a fat, fat different there.

Her eyes are wide with fear as she hurries into the squat roadside building called the Clinica Del Mar. There is something she has with over 20 years of cancer, and the years of struggle and hardship since she fled her native Canada had come down to just one word—perhaps the most dreaded word in the English language. Last year they told Elina that she had cancer and they looked her breasts again. Then one day the summer her husband rushed her to emergency with a pain so terrible she thought it must be a heart attack, and they told her the cancer had crept into her spine. Now there is no kind of hope that keeps her eyes. "Please, please, no say my last name," she pleads. "Maybe they give me trouble back in Vancouver."

For she has come here for the medicine that she has heard on a radio hotline show with cure her cancer—a drug called Lactite that is not only banned in Canada and the United States but denounced by the Canadian Medical Association as "a cruel lie" and damned by the National Cancer Institute as "a wicked business—on a par with snake oil and quackery." When Elina told her doctor that she was going to Tijuana for the medicine he shouted at her, "You fool, you fool! All they'll do is take your money." But she would not listen. She



Clinica Del Mar hope, at \$2,500 a throw

and her husband went to the bank and borrowed the \$3,500 that the Clinica Del Mar told them it would cost for the three-week trip and treatment, though it was far from "a little, little money." It was not easy," she says. "But it's your health, your life. I got no more hope. I got to live."

She fans up at the window which wears "No Personal Checks Accepted," and watches the cash register overflow up her cheeks. She gets a number and takes her place in the long, crowded waiting room with the huge piles of boxes of the Good Samaritan on one wall, passed now for this one last costly gamble—the privilege of letting a pair serve made of plastic aprons kneels tickle through her veins.

In a single day more than 100 cancer victims such as Elina pass through this clinic, more than 20,000 a year. It is estimated that 30,000 people on this continent are currently taking Lactite (really, and of these more than 1,000 are Canadians, come quietly to Tijuana for a drug that cannot be advertised and whose very mention is explosive. Despite more than 20 years of repeated testing that has proved no demonstrable evidence of Lactite's effectiveness against cancer, they continue to flock here for it with hope-burned hands and despair in their faces, drawn by underground tales of small miracles from strangers, a handful of evangelist books and pamphlets and the magic music of a cer-

By Maria McDonald

tain mysterious Canadian. Over the past 18 years, the power behind Lactite has been Andrew Robert Loeble. McNaughton, a man who, like the Lactite literature never fails to note, is the son of started Canadian General A. G. L. McNaughton, commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces during World War II, a brilliant soldier-statesman who was asked by Maclean's King to serve as his national defense minister, granted over the National Research Council and Atomic Energy Council, was a permanent delegate to the United Nations Security Council, and chaired the International Joint Commission for 12 years before his death a decade ago. What the literature fails to add is that the general never approved of his son's association with Lactite—nor did he mention a member of either family in his obituary.

McNaughton's life has been a struggle and sometimes shadowy web of scandalous headlines and international intrigue which has seen his name linked to gun-running and million-dollar stock swindles, the right-wing activities of the John Birch Society and Mafia mobsters in New Jersey. Throughout it all, the one connecting thread which has woven it together in a complex and curious tapestry is his son Lactite. And in every story Lactite has been the story of Andrew McNaughton. As he always likes to point out, "Let's just say this is my crusade."

Not quite five miles from the bizarre 20-foot bedrock-wire wall that marks the U.S.-Mexico border, Andrew McNaughton is waiting by the tattered fringes of the Tijuana traffic circle. Small, quick, all brittle and bones behind his sunshades, he looks 45, is 60 and poses an unmistakable aura of authority—which makes it all the more incongruous to find him sitting here in a battered 1994 Volkswagen with a guard on duty, exchanging greetings like some

loud welcome wagon host. Still, despite the fact that he moved here five years ago when "things were getting too hot in the States," in his past it is no doubt that this is a bit of a homecoming for Andrew McNaughton himself. Only in his day before he had been allowed to return to Tijuana for the first time since he was arrested July 29 in the border by U.S. customs officials and charged with trying to smuggle a presidential device. Lactite, shipped with \$30,000 cash, he spent eight days in jail and was not free to come in to Court until January 12, although it wasn't the only charge hanging over his head. But he never then left beyond of the same extradition road case

spicy against him. "It wasn't the Lactite they were after," he brags daringly. "It was the individual. They want out all the time." He knows too that any magazine story may not be flattery, but he shows not the slightest shyness about an interview. Andrew McNaughton is, above all, a pragmatist, and, as he says, "Every article—good or bad—you always get a piece." The one question that will go unanswered, though, is just how big a stake he has in it all.

He leads a grateful taxi with a proprietary "We drive up a duty vehicle to a makeshift former warehouse which houses the ClinicaLactite factory, where genera-

lity equipment and a handful of reburge-Mexicans in lab coats guard the small brown apron kumalas imported from U.S. catering factories into a line where cyanide powder that can sting, several times later, in the yellowed and pale veins known as Lactite. From here, most of the drug makes its way across the border into the United States and Canada, smuggled by patients for their own use or hidden on the fringes of "border" justly known as the Mexican crime, who wants to make a few dollars," he says—presents an elaborate international smuggling ring. Only that day one of the "mules" has been picked up in the border with 2,000 vials of Lactite seized as his car and a San Diego lawyer who specializes in Lactite smugglers is hanging around the plant now, waiting for developments in the case. Indeed, an entire cast of characters of advertisement employment seems to be drifting through the fringes of the factory, daunted Lactite silver shades gleaming off cheekbones like razor blades, but their staves will not be kind and fair. For the moment, Andrew McNaughton is impatient to get on with the day.

He walks as down the road to the big white stone Hospital Del Mar that he and a Mexican Mexican army pathologist named Dr. Emilio Contreras started up 12 years ago in the doctor's house—a new building into a black-long 36-bed facility for the richest cancer patients and growing. Then, around the corner to the south in the Clinica Del Mar where cash registers ring up two million dollars a year, although with profits from neighboring natural hotspots, Contreras' near-door medical and related products there are reports it is double that. He leads on to the seven Lactite clinic, a lavish \$700,000 hospital called the Clinica Cyto, which he set up last summer and refer to as "my baby"—a dream of mine for 15 years. "Wherever he goes, success has at his bidding. Workers jump in his command. Never once is he reluctant about his role as the man who set the whole operation in motion. What is curious considering the fact that Andrew McNaughton admits he has no financial involvement whatsoever with it all. Only a courtesy office, a few travel expenses and a rent-free "retiring" down the beach. "I try to stay away from the financial end of Lactite," he says. "I try to stay a simple consultant." But then Andrew McNaughton has a whole history of being just a simple consultant. As he says, "I always like to work in the background."

The letter is sealed and neatly folded around the edges, but under a glass frame it takes on a disengaged air. Andrew McNaughton appears through his framed engineering degrees stacked against an office wall in the spacious boardroom after months of Clinica Cyto to another, finally producing it with a flourish. Dated April 9, 1958, and signed by Dr. Manuel Urrutia, provincial president of



Andrew McNaughton, with vials of Lactite: cooler and safer than running guns

Cuba is authoritarian, too. To negotiate for any merchandise, services, equipment or services which are required for functioning the interests of the liberation of Cuba—in other words, to try again for Castro. It might not be quite as remarkable if Andrew McNaughton hadn't had an almost identical letter from the government of Cuban doctor Fulgencio Batista at the time. The whole paper and his 14-month imprisonment in a double-stay hospital more than a 10-year career as a simple civilian—industrial and international, guaranteed that he would afford to meet that man. "It's not a child's game like smoking, Laetitia," he likes to say. "Smoking is a 10-year and child's game." Certain it is, and the game to be played by the son of perhaps Canada's most fabled general. But at the end of the war when the general was finally commanding the lightning, his son, who had learned his father's experimental doctrine as his chief law pilot, was choosing a route on the darker side.

In 1946, he set up a consulting firm called Neuman that smuggled arms, first for itself, then entered its services on South America, where he says, "We even advised on revolutions. At one time I knew every dictator by their first names." Among other things, he shipped millions of dollars of "surplus and not so surplus" as munitions in a fleet of tramp yachts he ran from Panama and Bahamas ports where the questions were none too startling for a Canadian with the code name Esquimaux ("Man from the North"). In the course of it, he admits to making a lot of money. "A great deal," he had such and can and big money that he sends the money a good time and was never made in the names of friends at Cuba. Nevertheless, by 1958, when Cuba had made him an honorary citizen, there was no doubt that his career as a gunrunner was blown. By then, though, he had found another cause.

While attending to Castro's business, he had met a fat scientist named Ernest T. Krebs Jr., who claimed to have a cancer cure and rights from the first Andrew McNaughton could see his income were called for. "There was a need for somebody to translate dreams into reality," he says. "A need for somebody with experience in setting up factories and organizational networks and supplying." Over the next years, he established a factory complex in Miami, Canada, Geneva and Germany, which he admits to, and a reported four more currently in operation in the United States which he does not. He had, after all, never doubted his abilities. "My wife and I used to say we could be dropped in the middle of a primitive people in the jungle," he says, "and within three weeks we'd be the medicine man and women of the tribe."

On a faded San Francisco street of ragged shops and low-cost rooming houses the neighborhood museum looms like the silhouette of another age just a

IT COST A LOTTA, LOTTA MONEY. IT'S NOT EASY, BUT IT'S YOUR HEALTH, YOUR LIFE. I GOT TWO SMALL BOYS, I GOT TO LIVE



Cashman, and the most important part of his operation, the cash register

cracks slowly in the back. Suddenly an enormous, baby-faced man with hooded eyes walks over the inside and off into the kitchen—a place where it turns out, 61-year-old Ernest T. Krebs Jr. firmly believes all women belong. Later in lunch, Krebs, he will expound on the place of the weaker sex, the degradation of society and the apoplexy of "these people" brought off slave ships who think they can mix in our genetic pool. "He presides in the head of the white, flannel-covered two ancient women who serve up party sandwiches on fine china and Medusa. The amber half-light of an old chandelier casting an eerie glow over all. Around the table a motley group is gathered conversing, mo-

mentally about Laetitia, worrying about whether all the doors are locked and calling each other "dancer," despite an absence of musical degrees. Two of them, a self-styled "cosplay-humorist" named Robert Peimont and his business Cuban acquaintance, are currently nodding, spears while waiting to join the new Laetitia stand in Tijuana, as seen as the little master of a Florida mail fraud charge can be observed up. It was here too that Andrew McNaughton noticed out his most recent brush with the law, cranked up on the Victorian terms of this house where more than 50 years before Dr. Ernest T. Krebs Jr., who had already parted company with the American Medical Association over another of his remedies, had stumbled on the wonders that were to be Laetitia while doing a little research into bootleg whiskey on the side. It was left to his son, a medical school dropout better known as "E. T. Jr.," to come up with the theory—borrowed from Scottish scientist John Burnet and dated since 1902—that the crystals in Laetitia could straighten to concentrate where looking normal enzymes to fight cancer, it promptly killed them dead. The theory would have been lovely if, in 1953, the Cancer Committee of the California Medical Association had investigated 44 Laetitia-treated patients and found they all still had active tumors, or were dead. Well, it didn't discourage E. T.

Jr., who was turning out Laetitia—which he also called "Liberty" and "Victory 9-17"—and authorities swooped down in 1962, finding him guilty on five counts of violating the brand new Unlawful Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, fining him \$3,755 and placing him on three years probation with specific provisions not to meet with Laetitia.

Andrew McNaughton promptly moved Laetitia operations to Montreal until Canadian authorities proved no more heavily clamping down in 1968 in an action upheld by a Quebec superior court which ruled there was no evidence of the drug's effectiveness despite protests by his lawyer, Marcel Lagaveux (indeed, in

Imagine a company that won't chisel on service to justify price, but concentrates on giving you more for your car rental dollar.

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1962, the Montreal General Hospital had gone so far as to investigate three patients he claimed were cured by Lactide and finally, according to Dr. Douglas G. Cameron, "none of the three cases were in any way convincing." In fact, two of them had not had buposone and the cancer in the third had spread. As recently as last year, Lactide lobbyists published status reports from an acceptance test in New York's National Sloan Kettering Institute which seemed to show that Lactide had slowed the spread of mammary tumors in a special strain of mice—a mouse which advanced the metastasis since the same results could never be reproduced in first separate studies, one of which had even showed that the Lactide-treated animals spread faster. According to Dr. C. Chester Suck, who supervised the studies, there is still "no conclusive evidence" of Lactide's worth. But Andrew McNaughton puts it all down to the conspiracy of a "five billion dollar a year cancer industry." The year after he was shut down in Canada, he admits he was running on borrowed Lactide in a house across the bay from San Francisco until "Barrametta" in 1970 persuaded him to shift his base across the border to Tijuana—"where they have more immigration," he says.

Along the way, he convinced a few California senators when Dr. John Richardson of Albany, Calif., who also happened to be an order John Birch Society member, was charged with administering Lactide illegally and the John Birchers stepped into the cause. Through an unethical network, and through the aid of The Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, they have propagated a raised money for its legal defense and sponsored drumbeating conventions, defunding individual rights against government meddling, featuring such speakers as Ernest T. Koebe Jr., whose work on what most scientists are not easily susceptible with them. They point to the plot of the U.S. Food and Drug Authority granting Andrew McNaughton an investigational license to test a new drug on humans—three 80 days later taking it away when he didn't come up with required information on the drug's safety. He protests the FDA didn't give him time, but a Sloan Kettering specialist who says the information says it would have been easy to secure.

Indeed, even those who believe it might not be to certain people's advantage to have Lactide legal, especially when, as Andrew McNaughton admits, "it's the cost of smuggling and distribution which drive the price up." There are estimates that Lactide pills, which sell for from \$6 to \$9 a dose, apiece, cost two cents to produce. Either way, Andrew McNaughton may stand to benefit since with Ernest T. Koebe Jr., he also holds the legal rights in Lactide through a private company he founded in Montreal in 1961 called Bicyonics International Ltd.

In the August 9, 1968, issue of Life

IT'S A WICKED BUSINESS,' SAYS THE NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE, 'ON A PAR WITH SWINDLING WIDOWS'



George Del Rio (top) and a Cuban Del Rio patient being injected with Lactide.

magazine, Andrew McNaughton admitted that under witness John's name, a major shareholder in Bicyonics might well be "Buposone Joe." Zaccarelli, a doctor and governor for the Dominican Republic and a man situated in Sicilian territory as a New Jersey ego in the Joe Bonanno Mafia "family," who has not taken up residence in the United States since his prison term in 1965 on charges of conspiracy to bribe public officials in connection with gaming. Andrew McNaughton recalls Buposone Joe as "a wonderful guy" whose sister he treated with Lactide. He also recalls Buposone Joe's little gift of between \$100,000 and \$150,000 to his nonprofit McNaughton Foundation (formerly operating out of two California post office boxes) "And I think it was wonderful of him," he says.

But Buposone Joe was to prove even more wonderful to Lactide, the close friend the late Dr. John A. Malone of New Jersey wrote one of the two medical

papers championing Lactide. And his lawyer, Stephen Hoffman, also involved with Andrew McNaughton in a company called Cold Lake Pipeline, brought 17 million Bicyonics shares—worth \$10 million, valued they were held for Buposone Joe and his close associate Steve Schwartz, another Cold Lake alumnus and an acquaintance from French days. The names of Buposone Joe, Hoffman and Schwartz were linked to Andrew McNaughton against 1972, when

the U.S. Securities Exchange Commission filed a suit against them all for "employing schemes to defraud the public by making untrue statements about Lactide," in connection with the promotion and sale of unregistered Bicyonics stock. A year later, despite the fact that Andrew McNaughton says he hasn't had anything to do with Bicyonics for ages, the Italian police named him along with Schwartz, Hoffman and his old Montreal lawyer Marcel L'epineux, yet another Cold Lake alumnus, for allegedly swindling \$17 million from shareholders in connection with Bicyonics stock and a much-publicized Lactide factory scheme in Italy.

The more tangled case of characters promptly popped up in the five-million-dollar Fair American Money caper, one of the financial market scandals in Canadian history. When it was all over, the Quebec Securities Commission was shaken and as head, Marcel L'epineux, had resigned badly for health reasons, and taken off for a house in San Remo, Italy (where he had once testified in a Bicyonics' stock investigation). The stock's chief salesman, Steve Schwartz, who had been granted his license by the Quebec Securities Commission and his Cold French L'epineux despite being named in 1970 as co-conspirator in a U.S. last version stock case against Buposone Joe, Zaccarelli pleaded guilty to charges of fraud and forgery for a \$10,000 fee. And on April 23, 1974, Andrew McNaughton—swindled once more, been a consultant and who admitted to being the "villain" who brought all the parties together—was found guilty on one of six charges of fraud, fined \$25,000 and se-



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HE BOASTS THAT IF HE WERE DROPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE IN THE JUNGLE, WITHIN THREE WEEKS HE'D BE THEIR MEDICINE MAN

when the two dispassionate winning Mexican government approval of Lacaille for approximately \$150,000 each. George is singularly impressed with Andrew McNaughton's "very good business sense" as a consultant, despite such a fine of his own. Never looking far from him or the factory is a lean, gray-faced former Mexican police chief and bodyguard named Rodolfo Alvarez, who despite ill-drawn limbs and is officially described as being in charge of Lacaille's "export." A sometime Federalist friend

in the shimmering, moonlit heat that seeps through the Casca Del Mar, they wait with impatience on their faces. Anne, the daughter of the Spillars, looks at him with a pale and transparent eggplant, whose five dials pooled their savings to another in Tijuana. Eva, the party island from Hamilton, Ontario, who has been told she has a tumor to live, looks at the breakfast grain farmer from Medicine Hat who can neither eat nor talk any longer through the hole cut in his throat, she says he has grown so big. They crowd around, some waiting to hear the results, lots of which are thrown aside, exhausted and washed away, when they finally they talk of beating Mexican doctors who take time with them, of sympathy and church services, and, suddenly, hope. Dr. Reynold Morrison, assistant director of the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, calls it the "placebo effect"—where anything from a pill to a sugar pill can suddenly produce marked if short-lived, improvements in a patient. "But we don't know what happens to these people when the euphoria wears off," he says. For the Tijuana clinics have never been able to provide authorities with statistics or case histories. A patient's only follow-up is the blood smear he is asked to mail in because the drug tests no longer show any effect—although cancer specialists say the disease's progress can never be measured by only a simple blood test. As for the persistent claims of pain relief, a University of Toronto pharmacology expert, Dr. Duane Kadar, suggests that injected or small doses such as in Lacaille's crystals, which is used as the gas chamber, can kill off the small free nerve endings which transmit the deep pain of cancer without affecting the rest of the body. Even Andrew McNaughton is careful now, however, about Lacaille's curative powers. "We're allergic to the word cure," he says.

But each year the statistics of cancer deaths creep higher. And each year, flustered by desperation, some of its victims will abandon proven treatment methods for the quick, painless dream of Lacaille. Cancer specialists say they will watch them come back months later, sicker and disillusioned, their money wasted, precious days lost in their battle with time. Two weeks after returning from Tijuana, a woman of my acquaintance worried and her pains grew so acute she was rushed to hospital. The only man I ever knew who took Lacaille died just as and when the doctor said he would. "Selling a vitamin remedy to frightened sick people—there are few things that come lower," rages Dr. Robert Taylor, executive director of the National Cancer Institute of Canada.

In Tijuana, where a bloody sun sets over the arches of the buildings, Andrew McNaughton knows only too well what Dr. Taylor says about him. But he does not worry. "The patient who is suffering from cancer," he says, "doesn't care if he gets his Lacaille from an angel or a devil!"



McNaughton, Del Rio and Alvarez, and (below) another "cancer cure" salesman

amounted to a year in jail. As Morrison's went to prison he was still appealing, not on \$500,000 bail. "There had to be a snag-point," he says. "The whole mess had to be" the numbers in the Pan American scheme, five million dollars vanished and the Quebec Securities Commission is still curious where it went. In Tijuana, Andrew McNaughton is all puffed up with pride that he has no money now, which he will later admit explaining that he picks up a bit here and there arranging mortgage money for vacation homes like those his father-in-law, Wolfgang, has "courage" down the beach. Much later, over drinks however, a slim, smooth Mexican named George Del Rio who owns Cytopharmaceuticals factory and Chem Cytel, will note that he has never seen Andrew McNaughton during this long old car ride. Although he has certainly seen him in three others, including a supply little yellow Alfa Romeo sports job, that the "courage" is a three-story beach house, which he estimates to be worth \$50,000 to \$100,000, and that Andrew McNaughton, who has always traveled "first class" as the time he has known him, is "a very, very rich man." Indeed George Del Rio says he bought out one of the factories along with Dr. Contreras



will. George Del Rio may be still does "political investigations" for the Mexican government and at one point will calmly note that "the fact the businessmen come the investigation." Still he calls Andrew McNaughton a "robust." If it's any Andy's not answered," he says. "He finds ways to make things difficult, to set up challenges. He's a very dangerous man. He checks himself to himself." Andy and I, we are like two rattlesnakes," he says.

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AIR CANADA



Le grand Jean

THEY SAY DRAPEAU IS
ON THE WAY OUT. HE'S HEARD
THOSE WORDS BEFORE

The council chamber of Montreal's City Hall is as opulent as Canada's Senate—a place of gaudy sobriety. Below 11 tall old Montreal oak and fifty glass. Above, starks of dark hemlock sit in boxes meant through the gloom toward a false Florentine ceiling. On one wall an intricate crucifix hangs in sternal agony. Democracy, the room means to say, may be above all things, but it's not feeling very well. All the same, there was a rare bout of excitement in the chamber's public gallery one late November evening, just before a meeting of the Montreal Urban Community, Jean Drapeau presiding. The word was out: Drapeau—perhaps the best-known Canadian outside Canada and a man who in his 58 years in mayor had bent a city and some said a whole country to his will and taste of Expo 67. Companion of the Order of Canada, holder of six honorary university degrees, the key to the city of Miami, Florida, the 15th anniversary gold medal of Little Rock, Arkansas, and Man of the Year (1967) of the International Mutual Management Society—was leading for the last meeting. He was finally going to pull the pin, say bye-bye, Quid.

It was the first public appearance since the government of Quebec had taken over the 1976 Montreal Olympic Games, a project he had cosigned from the left. It was 12 years ago to the billion-dollar extravaganza it is now. But that wasn't all. There had never been such a conjunction of crossed stars in this remarkable city's remarkable career as there was this night.

Said the mayor to the Olympic press: "Then afterwards, in the old Palais de Justice next door, the Montreal Olympic Organizing Committee had called a press conference—in the very room in which Jean Drapeau had made his name in the early 1950s as the fearless prosecutor for the Cusson vote probe—to try to establish why 100 police had made drunk stunts on the homes and offices of Olympic contractors and officials. And the Montreal Urban Community, that dinky five-year-old brand of the city and suburbs Drapeau had helped establish to share police and other services, was having money trouble, one or two horizons so far when money were already showing an awful lot not entirely

propitious parallel to New York. Thus there was the Quebec crime probe. Drapeau had led a would-be fire up more than a few houses, but assassination was finding gangs of criminals whose very size and brutality suggested the immigration. There was grafting in the streets, too. More and more of Drapeau's constituents were wondering why men in grey suits and police, ice trucks and snow removal—were all of a sudden so god-awful. They wondered why Montreal had become so ugly, a trap work-in-progress, a Pittsburgh in perpetual motion where the main given were the ugly, between tacky construction projects. In Drapeau's own Civic Party a bright young business-maintenance Yvon Lamont, vice-president of Montreal's associative committee, was asking everyone what he would do if he were mayor—had some public hearing, find some green spaces, change the property tax system—the things Drapeau had promised and never done. It was nothing less than a national challenge, the young man asking on the old. And the stakes: out of all, issues of the other 35 councillors in the party, a fearless group of legislators fondly known as "les Novateurs" who come to council to sit and vote for the master's plans and go home again to their offices, had pitched their three Olympic penn from their seat lights. It was inevitable—cheap do not turn on the shepherd. As Jacques Parizeau, Parti Québécois guru, said in one of his paucity statements in the pro-independence daily *Le Jour*, Drapeau's fortunes had fallen for "his people" even feel like attacking him anyone."

But the onlookers in the city hall gallery should have remembered that when it comes to Drapeau elegies are premature. Not only did he not talk of quitting that night, there wasn't the day after but of days as his unapologetic gaze as he became the tall pater throne at the head of the room. He wasn't saying good-bye. Not then and maybe not ever. If they wanted to know they'd have to get a crowbar. And yet, marvel of misfortune though he is, Jean Drapeau was still in trouble when he emerged from that meeting. The world knew it, Canada knew it. And Montreal knew it.

By Glen Allen

Jean Drapeau was born 58 years ago to Joseph-Napoléon and Bertha Drapeau, a Montreal couple of modest income who had roots sunk deep in French-Canada. In fact the first Drapeau, a young soldier named Antoine, had come to Nouvelle France in 1665 when there were barely 1,000 souls in the whole colony. Jean was a dandy and even loving son to his parents all through their lives. (he was deeply affected by his mother's death several years ago.) At the University of Montreal he studied art, economics and then law, worked part-time as a social worker, wrote being while fiddling about the English and the French for a student paper and became a champion debater (though one critic said after a debate at Laval University, "We would have preferred a Drapeau with a little less hot air"). After arriving in a law firm Drapeau, a convinced French-Canadian nationalist and a bit of a lefty to boot, committed his first political act: his federal by-election in the Montreal riding of Outremont he carried the banner of an anti-consumption group he had helped form called *La Ligue pour la Défense du Canada*. The year was 1942. He lost, but not before catching the eye of French-Canadian politician Henri Bourassa who remarked "That young man will go far." (He also attracted the eye of 17-year-old company worker Marie-Chère Roucher, the girl he later married.) He ran again in a provincial election two years later (his time for the Bloc Populaire, a nationalist and reform party that, poorly organized as it was, had drawn to it the very cream of Quebec's farmers and young folks. This time he lost his deposit).

Born but not bowed, Drapeau went back to the law office he had established, and although he was no Party Mascot—a colleague says he had several campaign debts defuncting several members—a group of reform-minded citizens who had petitioned Quebec's Superior Court for an inquiry into the city's irascible police force chose him as their chief prosecutor. The hearing was held before Justice François Gauthier and Drapeau shone like the sun.

A positive Drapeau surveys his city after 15 years, the grip is beginning to weaken



WHEN IT COMES TO DRAPEAU, ALL ELEGIES ARE PREMATURE. IF THEY WANT HIM OUT, THEY NEED A CROWBAR

don't hold a grudge for long. Piquetade is now director of an international book fair that brings Montreal and avoids the mayor's cooperation. "You see it hasn't taken to him in 13 years and I find it still has to be done a very specific way and in a new and strategic support," says him in office as two or three times a week. "We never speak about politics." Nor has he ever been involved by serious scandal, unless you count the discovery three years ago that since 1967 he had been accepting five million dollars from different companies every year on a consulting basis. (The city now pays for the mayor's car.)

People say he is capable of great kindness. One colleague who dines almost everyone who works with Drapeau would not be quoted by name, says. "If you want to speak with him in a good way, you must first tell him some for you when you are in trouble. He'll not only help but try to manage your life in the bargain. He'd go to your mother's funeral and send your wife flowers if she was sick. But you don't hear about this side of him. He likes to keep it anonymous."

But it's all mine. The serious remark. Even people who call themselves Drapeau's friends are a quiet name where he lives. It isn't the family home, an attractive three-story townhouse north near the harbor, that has been paraded by visitors since it was bombed in 1969. Someone says Drapeau has an apartment on Sherbrooke Street East, about two miles from the Olympic Games site, although he never works the mayor there. Drapeau's movements almost seem calculated to throw the curious off his trail. Though he says he works 100 hours a week, one day he will appear at City Hall at 8 a.m., the next at 9 a.m., and he doesn't ever take a day off he can help it. He won't talk at all to reporters, interviewers—his relationship with the written press approximates guerrilla warfare—but even when he did, his press conferences were models of discretion—and then some. Reporters were forbidden to ask him about anything but the issue at hand. If the occasion for the press conference was the mayor's Christmas message, then the mayor would answer questions about Christmas and nothing else.

If his secrecy was confined to his personal life it wouldn't matter, but it isn't. Drapeau has also done his best to keep information about city affairs from the daily elected opposition in council at any level it isn't enough that they are paid a salary \$7,500 annual salary or that they have no office space and little in the way of research



The Drapeau day begins 10 hours? 90?

facilities. Their questions in open council meetings go unanswered too. Only recently has he agreed to a 15-minute question period before every council meeting, although the person to whom the question is addressed isn't obliged to answer if he doesn't want to. In Drapeau's office may be a need to know, but there is never a right to know. Take the Olympic Games. Many contracts have been given without public tender and about 40 have been opened and renegotiated over council's head. Drapeau says the public tender concept is overrated—putting things in the newspaper doesn't make them fair and honest. George Marchand, a Civic Party candidate and chairman of a committee which led the party last year because he was up-lifted by the way Drapeau and his assistants conducted fiscal affairs, says, "Only in very unusual circumstances should a contract be let without tenders, but they were doing it all the time."

A high-ranking City Hall employee who resigned recently says Drapeau is really "a very warm person of simple tastes. He's the sort of person who knows when to back people up and when to congratulate them, but he talks too very easily. And he is certainly not a great administrator."

As any administrator. Yet another side of the man to consider: the visionary who has no patience for detail. But second administration is what Montreal has needed—and hasn't had—for years. Administration would be such things as developing and regulating industrial growth. When Drapeau came to office, Montreal had 14 head offices in Toronto's one. Now Toronto is way ahead. Drapeau seemed ready to provide only—Linda deliver an

idea was minimum—the usual trade. Which is fine if you want to create minimum-wage jobs. Administration in public housing and urban renewal programs. The most elaborate program came just before the 1966 election when he said there would be \$125 million for housing rights away and a billion over 20 years. The money has yet to show up. Between 1970 and 1974 his government helped receive only 3,000 homes in a city where more than 100,000 dwellings are in lamentable shape. Administration in filling in the holes in the streets, holes that by now are almost old enough to vote. It is missing sewage—Montreal still dumps it raw into the St. Lawrence. It is widening roads. Any one who has pressed over a 50% increase in the cost of a project such as the Olympics—the "moder" games Montreal promised to stage five years ago—is not looking close enough.

Why do people keep voting for Jean Drapeau? One theory is that he represents a victory over English Canada—he is another Quebecer and more convincing than his counterparts in the "other" Canada, a man of simple and stature who seems always to get his way. It's a theory that represents the most compelling hypothesis—for that is all that is possible—of what makes Drapeau tick: that he is still the nationalist he was a generation ago.

French-Canadian nationalism has been many things in the past half century. It has been chauvinism, radicalism, socialism, patriotism, racism, radicalism, or even like Drapeau who were a bit of everything (except racism). Nationalism has not only survived, it is strong as ever in the form of the Parti Quebecois, which won 30% of the popular vote in Quebec in the last election and about 50% of the vote among French-speaking citizens in the city of Montreal. Its one constant is the yearning for some kind of special place, a province/nation with a name like "L'arabie" a land along the St. Lawrence where a unique language and culture would live and grow. As late as 1962 Drapeau was still talking about some form of associate status in Canada for Quebec. And well into the late 1960s his speeches spilled over with references to his "people," "national dignity" and "emancipation." As mayor of Montreal, Drapeau was an opening for action. Montreal could be both the cradle and centerpiece of a strong francophone Quebec province. Everything that made Montreal stronger, that made it known outside Canada, especially in Europe, was one more step to fulfilling this old dream that asked away independence. Montreal could be a third day Port d'Avignon, the bridge on which the whole world divides.

All this explains so the hypothesis goes—his "politique de grandeur," his facts and figures, the building and rebuilding, the repression, haste and urgency and anxiety. Or it explains some of it.

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By Walter Stewart



The tow ship of Blooperwell, New Jersey, is in something of a fix. It is here on the sloping banks of the Delaware river. But George Washington and his troops crossed on December 26, 1776, to sneak up on and defeat the rascally British at Trenton. A plaque at this is called it the turning point of the Revolution. And it is here during 1976 that several hundred thousand Americans with their wives, husbands, kids, dogs and other embellishments, will come to pay reverence to Washington's feat and celebrate the bicentennial of the United States.

There's a small house where Washington's end and there's a much better one—a small park, with plaques, two flagpoles, a number of beer bottles, a few benches and nearby a museum capable of holding, perhaps, 25 people. Washington crossed the Delaware in a Durham boat and had rough going through the ice. This year's visitors will share over a 13-foot-wide bridge and they'll have rough going too—two cars can barely squeak past each other. When the vans and trolleys and buses arrive the confusion that prevailed in 1776 still prevails upon the snow-covered bank now called "a grand meadow, a great informal battle field" by historian Chesley Ward.

The knowledge can use it all coming. "People are going around killing Americans to see how to find Washington Crossing," says Herbert Jordan, the owner of the store. "But what are they going to do? There's no place to stay, no place to eat, nothing to wear." For a while, some of the looters were talking about burning a house down against somebody—anybody—no call of the hands. "But you can't trap people coming here," says Jordan. "You can only try to discourage them. The owners may need as much as a million dollars to police the area, set up more barriers (such as portable wheelchairs) and clean up. To date, not a store has been looted."

It's hard to suppose that the kind of a brutal, emotional, although appearances are some times deceiving. At the ceremonies marking the start of construction for Expo '87, Prime Minister Lester Pearson got tangled up in a curtain. Premier Jean Lesage made the floor of his eyes up to the ceiling and a ceremonial cannon blew a hole in an Expo sign and knocked the commissioner-general of this fair. Pearson and Lesage struggled in turn and in vain with a bulldozer and steamroller with which they were supposed to break ground, gave up and went home. The incident led to widespread pessimism of doom and disaster for Canada.

appearing continental but they were wrong. So there is hope for the U.S. (continental) and yet if ever a national event had disaster written all over it this is that event.

In New Carolina, the state auditor found the Bicentennial commission to be a waste of "excess expenditures," he also found that a private firm established by the state auditor had somehow accepted an irregularity of \$65,937 from the sale of official medals and souvenirs. In New York state widely sound events—five million-dollar tour of foreign ports, a \$15-million "art encampment," a \$11-million musical, among others—have been canceled for lack of financial interest or both. Of \$134 million pledged for artistic projects in the state \$11 million has already gone on construction of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Undaunted local groups are using the bicentennial to shill for funds. The executive director

the Queens Council on the Arts told a widely newspaper, "Warning last May, everything we do is called bicentennial." In San Francisco, the Mayor's Office also appeared himself chairman of the bureau of commissions after attempts to use money for a feasible celebration failed and the entire commission resigned. When the legislature focused up to provide more than funds, Governor Jerry Brown promptly vetoed the measure. The President, then, a 25-car traveling display of 700 historical items, has created so many complaints (mostly revolved on the two-dollar admission fee) that it has been renamed "the pastures." Millions of Amer-

case will be on the move during the next month, but they may find many of their favorite visiting places closed for lack of funds. Half the picnic areas in Yellowstone National Park may be closed, and even parts of Philadelphia's Independence National Historical Park, where a fall bazaar may be shut down for lack of manpower. A guide in the park who complained about all the things that had gone wrong, or were unfamiliar, was asked what were they doing about it? "Praying," he said.

And so it goes from coast to coast — and beyond. A Viking ship scheduled to sail on May 6 or July 4 can sail only



From sunny California to the rock-ribbed shores of Maine, from the unfenced border to the Rio Grande, American businessmen are answering their country's biocentennial call. And if they happen to make a few bucks—well nobody ever

leaching bushes (a valve stuck open, and a electric wiring accidentally left on) and a discarded hat and a sweater on a line. The historical is taking on the scene of disaster and the stronger sense of relief. Provided by official documentation—"Constitutionalism in America is apple pie," said the chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts—Americans have come swarming to the bicentennial trough. It's become so hot that a countermovement has been headed by the People's Bicentennial Commission, with as one gimmick—a ride through the streets of Boston by "Punk Bikers" to wear false genital business suits—It will remain for some future historian to sum up the celebration objectively, to balance the boasts, ugly, junky and cooked aspects of the bicentennial with the more positive tributes to the anniversary, and for current observation, here are a few bicentennial notes.

★The City Council of Charleston, South Carolina, passed an ordinance ordering carports for carriage barns in the city to keep the place neat during '76. The carriage owners—there are a lot of them—fully refused to comply so a deal was worked out under which drivers would be equipped with two-way radios. When the occasion arose, a mutual discussion with a pooper-scooper would be dispatched to clean up. Then the city council repeated both the charter ordinance and the compromise and now nobody knows what the horns will do this year.

★New York City has a "76 Club" which makes donors to the celebration according to the amount they give, based on the number '76. You can become a Founder by paying up \$75,000, a Patron for \$7500 to \$15,000, a Member for \$1,000 to \$7500 and a Filler for \$750 to \$750. At least one, for the project had raised more than \$1.1 million.

★In Florida shops are selling T-shirts, the state Bicentennial commissions raised \$340,000 from the last year on a one-day of learning at universities and cities.

★For a while, the day's top commissioner of the Bicentennial Administration was a 40-year-old lady, and that lasted quite a few. Maytag World Lynch of Yakima, Washington, has been a candidate 10 U.S. House since 1946, when she first arrived in the state legislature (where she was described as a "pud") and has been publicly thanked she has been elected in 1976 she'd have received too. But it wasn't enough. It says right on her belt buckle that she was born in England, and she thought of the American Revolution being up with a snail that she has left the bureaucracy for a job in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

★The Boy Scouts have established a new membership for the summer. It's called the American Heritage Badge, and to get it a scout is required to research local and national historic events. Just in time too—a recent Outpost post discovered that three

out of 30 Americans have never taken a non-protected historical event took place in 1776. Asked about the post, Bicentennial Administrator John Warner told the Washington Post, "That's rather curious" and pointed out that one American in four doesn't even know who's President.

★The Bicentennial Administration licenses "official" items and it's not clear how much more than \$800,000. But the word "Bicentennial" cannot be copyrighted, so the best foodies are wide open. Among the "of-

but sold more than 300 of the cakes. There are also, first, "original" culture lighters, second, "from neighborhood may chairs, allowing consumers to "Get into the spirit of '76" by buying cake t-shirts, soap and soap for 10 cents off.

★The state of South Dakota launched its celebration last fall by training slave drivers. Special Missions and Towns squads at Pierre, so. There is expected to be an upsurge in violence during 1976.

★A scrap has broken out in Sonoma, Missouri, which wants to ride, "Wild goose capital of the world." The town put up a 40-foot-high fiberglass Canada goose, called Minut, and paid \$2,000 out of the state Bicentennial commission for the job. Mrs. Carolyn Levy of Kansas City, who wanted funds for a local history project and was turned down, was mad. She said

AN UNBROKEN CHAIN OF AMERICANS FROM BOSTON TO L.A., ALL HOLDING HANDS



For one great, happy, mad year, the whole country is transformed into Disneyland

tical" items as both book covers, buttons, calendars, coins, shirts, socks, towels, dish, and embroidery. Bags, fasteners, games, jewelry, license plates, maps, neckties, and towels, you name it and income has been paid. Americans can buy a passport that plays America the Beautiful for 50 cents (the wholesale price is 30 cents "high prices," says the licensee, "priced to sell only at a high profit margin"), or you can buy a 6,000-pound wheel, with plaque, for \$11,500.

★Nobody knows how many small items there are, but among them are several copies of a letter from George to Martha Washington, and one from her to him, for \$9,500, a liquor decanter in the shape of the Liberty Bell that plays The Star Spangled Banner, for \$18 and up a historical Bible at various prices which ranges in American single manuscript, and a Spill of 76 color (print available at various prices) decorated in red, white and blue and lined with flags. The Jewel Caselet Company of Knightstown, Indiana,

she thought educational programs were more important than a goose.

★The U.S. commerce department has awarded \$15.5 million to the Bicentennial Administration for job-creating projects, and the money is going for 114 projects around the country, from construction to home pole carving and city-center work.

★The churches are getting into the spirit with projects ranging from an Issues Forum, aimed at provoking debate on leading issues of the day, to publishing volumes aimed at tying histories of local congregations into the Bicentennial and selling the results for as one publisher put it, "unique food-making power."

★Commercial items are popular everywhere. Coffee Rush has a "Bicentennial kit" complete with a copy of the Declaration of Independence. ("Coffee Rush issued a revolution in good taste"), direct insurance offers on their flag decal ("Get a little history from it—don't, the people who are helping to free America from hags"), and a Boston message for a car-



On girls, 10 to 14 years, 10 to 14 years, 10 to 14 years

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ing the cost of all its services by 10% for the national birthday.

◆ Time capsules are popular, with towns, organizations and individuals seeking ways to lock in capsules to be opened in 2076. One San Mateo, California, family is filling its home with a box containing items from 1992: the diary of a typical U.S. cruise in 1976 and rubble from the 1906 San Francisco earthquake.

◆ Personal incentives prompt awards. Thomas, Canada, a point clerk in Richmond, Virginia, is sending \$50 of his own money to each of the 50 states—a \$2,500 gift with no strings attached—out of sheer gratitude.

◆ Brazil's Aécio goal on arms \$100,000 to design a special business plan, and a consortium group promptly launched legal action to keep the \$100,000 from being added to its taxes. That's what Betty Ford trained up for the official unveiling of the new aircraft, it was signed by a National Airlines plane that rolled by with its own 1776 design sketched out by a vicarious. A benefit official splintered simply (and ungrammatically) "How dare these crash out party!"

◆ The bicentennial proposal from likely to be used upon came from former President Richard Nixon. He wanted to work on "a major television presentation to our people" reminding them that in 1776 we only had spiritual wealth, and look where we look at.

◆ The National Reading to Fundamental Project hopes to distribute five million books free during 1976.

◆ In Philadelphia, site of the Continental Congress, they have a job problem: "Thousands of visitors will be wandering through the downtown historical area every day and they will need facilities. Our proposal was simply to dot the area with portable outdoor toilets that seemed rather drab, so an hybrid, portable, manufacturer has come up with an alternative outdoor complete with no room. But for the toilets and benches available in the care of the waste, this proposal has not yet been accepted, but neither has any other. "I think," said a park guide recently, "we're going to have Washington Square (both of the Revolutionary old) into one giant john."

◆ A Chicago group called Hands Across America wants to form an embolus chain of American building hands from coast to coast on July 4. The line would begin in Boston and run west and south through New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and Tulsa on its way to Los Angeles. New Mexico presents a problem. The plan calls for 55,000 persons to link up across that state, which is more than half the population. As that seems impossible, the proposal is to import several thousand Texans, who would go home again after the ceremony.

◆ The National Football League is sponsoring a \$25,000 essay contest on "The NFL's Role in American History." Students

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"I THINK WE'RE GOING TO TURN WASHINGTON SQUARE INTO A GIANT JOHN"



The 1976 edition: On July 4, 1976, the ladies (left) will be on Mars... maybe

the dinner and \$10,000 live pass are attracted to 14-18-year-old guys with to see the very abject Red Grange's encounter with Gloria Gaudin. "Mr. President, tell me, I want you to meet Red Grange. He's with the Chicago Bears." Gaudin replied: "Glad to meet you. I've always liked animal suits."

■ An enterprising shortmaker has come up with the complete bicentennial T-shirt. It shows two men holding hands on one side and two women doing so on the other.

■ Greyhound has introduced a special seven-day American that will take pairs of passengers that get to its seven days for \$36, and the airlines are offering special rates to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and New York. New York was actually a loyalist city. Americans would say "Yay!" through the revolutionaries but asked how the city planned to treat that first New York City official replied: "By gassing it."

■ The Netherlands Flower Bowl Institute has produced a bicentennial flower garden consists of red, white and blue bulbs from tulips, daffodils and hyacinths.

■ There are bicentennial games (Bicentennial based on the year, 1776-1976) based on the constitution and many other puzzles, signs and dozens of books from *Walt's Flow Stepping On Plymouth Rock* to *The Complete American Novels*, 1776.

classic plays in appropriate packaging.

■ Coincidentally, the "Uncovered to date have been (1) indicators who advertised "Owe your own business" at the historically right price of \$1.76 and then abandoned with the funds. (2) a industry firm that promised "lose 17.76 pounds in two weeks." (3) a group that sold courses abroad that in United States which has been in motion since 1969 and (4) another group that promised a series of blue Bicentennial contracts, collected entry fees and then disappeared without even paying the people. Bill Robert Williams, executive secretary of the New York chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, said: "on quite another context—"There's nothing wrong with making a buck. Free enterprise is the flag that has made this country go strong."

■ Small towns are taking advantage of the occasion to put themselves in order. One town in Montana hopes to have that phone by July 4. Meanwhile, Massachusetts is restoring all public schools more than a century old. South Dakota, Minnesota, is getting rid of abandoned cities. Fountain, Colorado has a municipal control program according to the Rocky Mountain News, a town that has been using its bicentennial money to clean up the local tourist trade.

■ A couple from Lake Forest, Illinois, will jog 3,652 miles from the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco to the White House during a special hike for President Ford. On the way they may encounter wagons from the Pilgrimage to Pecos, the wagon train, one of the most interesting events, and bicyclic riders (or what's called "Bicycle Bicentennial") heading the wayward. Giving forward will be five out of loads of model-plane enthusiasts who hope to get into the Guinness Book of Records by flying a toy plane from Kitty Hawk, N.C., across the country.

■ Civil rights leaders have their own program on mind. "Let's Find Out Who Really Killed Martin Luther King Jr."

■ There are to date 250 movies and 180 TV shows celebrating the bicentennial, along with 180 classical projects, 50 classical music projects, 20 opera and 175 general music projects, all of which have drawn \$27.4 million from the National Endowment for the Arts. One man received \$20,000 to study bread-baked and baked of the revolutionary period, but reports that most of the lyrics are appropriate.

■ Americans can make their own Liberty Bell with a plastic kit from Tucson, Arizona, which comes with the plastic already cracked. Actually, the Liberty Bell got its name in the 1830s as a symbol of the fight for emancipation of slaves. The public relations has overcome history and it is now the ultimate revolutionary symbol. They can also keep a Revolutionary War flag (\$14.95 for the "official" kit, eight dollars for the "special" one), red, white and blue shower with white toilet tiles at \$15 a tile, or start their own gun collection with

replicas of famous American guns, including a silver copy of the Thompson submachine gun welded by that lover of liberty, John Dillinger.

■ How about a Bicentennial flag from a museum company (\$5.99—Bicentennial was an important battle, or was Jewish states of American Southerly fabric, "a full four-inch" only \$4.50 each from Gift Out? Art first, Gift is only selling 9,000 copies of such music, for a gram of \$4.45. How about an American flag from the Franklin store (\$3.99, or possibly has models of soldiers of the 13 colonies from Royal Doulton (\$9.99 the set), Wedgwood plates (\$375 each), four-ply sets (\$17.76 each) or a chess set with Paul Revere and Benny Bats as the king and queen on one side, with Indians as pawns and King George III and Queen Charlotte on the other, with tea chests as pawns (\$18.00)?

■ Every the master computer in Washington, has 10,000 projects and 15,000 events planned for celebration (an event is used to a date, a project is not) in 7,000 official bicentennial communities across the United States. Sometimes the coordination between an event or project and the community is hard to follow (except that approved events need to draw grants). What, for example, is the revolutionary content of the Second Rock Ramrod Club Dog Show the Great Beach water-skiing regatta or the Howard on highway demonstration, all listed as bicentennial events? Anyway, many of the listed items will not come off, for lack of funding, despite the \$40 million had pending to date by the Bicentennial Administration. Among the projects, hopefully will be a Johnny Cake bake off in Jamestown, Rhode Island, a Cornish festival in Brownsville, Louisiana, a Republican of Texas Civic Championship in San Marcos, Tex., and a basic and long-post-own-a-mouse in Fort Wayne, Ind. It would be nice to think that a debate scheduled for Williamsburg, Va., to consider anew the decision to break away from the Crown might go the other way this time. A number of historical monuments and events are being held over time to make sure. The Boston Tea Party, the Battle of Bunker Hill and Concord, and a Benjamin Franklin Kite Fly were all held since 1915 and will be held again in 1976. But there will be only one bicentennial as gun championships, and only one bicentennial Bicentennial to commemorate the occasion.

One of the earliest attempts to celebrate the birthday of Canada's founding came in 1871, when "Fusionism" George Grenville had himself and his 30-foot balloons in the St. George's Society of Ottawa for a ceremonial ascent. The balloons quickly rose to 32,000 feet, then got caught in a crosswind and dumped in a nearby swamp. Grenville survived and so did Canada. The United States will undoubtedly survive its celebration, too. ☐

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TORONTO DOMINION

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Sports

SURE THE RUSSIANS ARE GOOD—BUT WAIT'LL THEY PLAY MARS!

The Montreal Canadiens had seldom played better. Their defense was solid and impenetrable. Their forward lines slick-checked and backchecked relentlessly. They passed crisply, held a wide territorial edge in play, and smothered their opponents 35-13. "We can't play a more disciplined game of hockey," said Montreal coach Scotty Bowman afterward. And yet, despite Lou Holtz' impressive performance, their long-awaited New Year's Eve summit with the reigning Central Red Army team of the USSR had ended in a 3-5 tie and left millions of Canadianes wondering

whether a series—prizing two Russian sweeps against eight U.S. clubs—surpassed the final, seminary argument: Were the Soviets really so good that they could beat the top NHL teams on the smaller ice mat, using NHL rules, a majority of his referees and when the two players were, theoretically, in the peak of their physical form?

In a word, yes. The Central Red Army team had sailed into New York's Madison Square Garden December 28, opened the Rangers in early 1-0 lead and then proceeded to dominate, outpace and outclass



Alexander new goalie Dryden (left), role of the Russian team as a Canadian goal (top) and another Russian team as a Canadian goal (bottom) when one score is exhausted, two run up to take the place



if any team in North America was now capable of beating the Soviets. The result was actually more conclusive than a season. Ever since the last Team Canada-Russia series of 1972, many players, coaches and fans have maintained that Canada's future lies in consistently intercontinental competition, typically refusing to acknowledge that the Soviets were at least equal in what was once "the Canadian game." They blamed the ineptitude of foreign referees—sometimes with justification. They claimed that both the "75 series" (in which each all-star played Russia's national team) and the "74 series" (in which each all-star met the Soviets) were poorly timed, since the Canadians were just coming off a three-month layoff, and were tired of shape. The all-star approach to beating the Russians, some suggested, was at best a real-time test, at any rate, at least to test a regular NHL team would offer. Hence, this hockey season's right place

New York for seven straight goals. The final tally was 7-3, the two lost Ranger scores coming against Russian reserves, and long after the outcome was certain. New York's display at Canada's would have made Left's wife proud. Even the Russian took notice: at one point, defenseman Alexander Gusev even passed the puck to Vladislav Tretiak, his own goalie, just to keep Tretiak's reflexes sharp. The next night, the second Russian test: Wings of the Soviet, heavily favored Pittsburgh's Patrick Pearcy 4-4.

Probably, perhaps—but without conviction—the NHL, before returning to its second line of action: "What the hell," said Penguin captain Ron Schock. "We never had time to prepare like we should have. We've been more concerned with making the play-offs." Pittsburgh coach Mike Bossy suggested that it was unfair to leave the Russians to correct their stack blunders more than six, rules permit it as if a

few inches of bling were all that separated the speedy Wings from his immobile Penguins. Others contended that neither the Rangers nor Pittsburgh were in full compensation for the NHL, let alone the high-powered Russians. "What did they play Montreal," said one NHL official. "If the Canadians' best team, with their skating and Ken Dryden in goal, maybe nobody can."

Montreal certainly gave it their best shot, proving Scotty Bowman's theory that "played the right way, the Soviets can be kept off balance." But the game was dominated just how potent the Russian offense can be: given only 13 shots on Dryden and less than a half dozen good scoring opportunities, they nonetheless scored three times. In their own net, the Soviets were less adept, and the Canadians right hand was hot for the brilliant goalkeeping of Tretiak, who at 25 is already a veteran of five world championships. A three-

times in the Russian Army (Soviet players came the ability of their official rankings, Tretiak didn't play hockey until he was 11, learning the game from his mother, who played hockey—a form of field hockey on ice. "Goatcatching is 75% of the game," coach Bowman said later. "You need it every night. We usually have it, Philadelphia (Tyros) have it. Now the Soviets have it."

Think notwithstanding, says Montreal goalie Ken Dryden, "the Russians are valiantly defensive. Their present passing takes taking." If their passing is disrupted, then the game isn't where he's supposed to be when he's supposed to be there. But the fact remained that the Canadians had played their best hockey of the season and failed to win. And as the

year turned out a few players, fans and coaches murmured as to even add long years for the good old days of the Canadian game.

And a child shall lead them
The current National Hockey League season is barely half finished, but already one of the season's new and possibly virtually spoken for, Krumpholtz, the Calder Trophy for rookie of the year will go to 19-year-old Bryan Trottier, a baby-faced center for the New York Islanders, who in four months has emerged as one of the most productive forwards this side of Guy Lafleur. An 1975 add-on, he had registered 14 goals and 30 assists for 44 points, fourth best in the league. And Trottier's line, nicknamed Loko (the Long Island Light

Co.), with Clark Gillies on the left wing and Billy Harris on the right, as one of the most potent lines in the league. A native of Val Marie, Saskatchewan (population 200), the five-foot-11, 185-pound Trottier is a smooth French third grader. Cere and Cleverly, he's one of half French blood. However, say his on-ice heritage includes the steadfast talent of Jess Beliveau, the toughness of Ted Lindsay and the shooting accuracy of Maurice Richard. "He's got the touch of Jack Nicklaus around the net," says Islanders' goalie Gilles Meloche.

Trottier signed with the Islanders for an estimated \$55,000—not bad for a high-school dapper and fairly boy, whose parents still run a cattle ranch (67 head) near Val Marie where he spends the offseason. "There's nothing a lot of kids would want to do as much as I do," he remembers of his days as a cowboy, "but to every day on school I didn't play hockey, and if you keep playing you're bound to get better." Last year, with the Longbridge Blues in the Western Junior Hockey League, Trottier collected 46 goals and 58 assists in 58 games and was named the league's most valuable player.

Lookout kids to do good but he also can look. "I'm not a 60-goal scorer," he says. Perhaps not. But his performance analysis says he's given his big leg in the race for the Calder Trophy over Philadelphia's Peter Rodin (who outscored Trottier in the '76-77 last year) and New York Ranger Wayne Daulton (a veteran of 100 games). Trottier won 13 of 18 face-off battles had four goals on the net. Dillon won seven of 17 face-offs and had two goals on goal. "I often think to myself, 'What am I doing here?'" he asks. "I want to get in the line of Boston Garden as Bobby Orr's mark, and now I'm playing in it. I'd like to see how I'm doing." Well, for starters, the Flyers, the Flames, the Rangers and 14 other NHL teams.

Setting for the jocks
The game of baseball this month comes when it likely to be its toughest time in years—the survival of its contentious revenue clause. For almost a century that clubhouse board players to their own capriciousity. If a player refused to renegotiate his contract, the owner could legally renew it for him—year after year. But last month New York referee Peter M. Smith, 20, ruled that the right of renewal is valid for only one year after the expiration of the contract, and non-perpetually—a decision that awarded free agent status to pitcher Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally and may spell the end of the reserve clause system. Now, according to the owners, it is possible that up to 600 major league players will play out their options (the length of their contracts, plus one year) become free agents and then sign with the highest bidder. As one baseball authority put it: "Can't you just take the

How it all looks to Vladislav Tretiak

Arranging an interview with Soviet hockey player is not an elementary matter. As Moscow is contributing to the book and translator Nicholas T. Tretiak learned during the exhibition series with the Russians. But with some luck and more than a little perseverance, they managed to pull up a 45-minute session with the Soviet Red Army defenseman Vladislav Tretiak before the Montreal game. Some of his comments:

On the goaltender who has influenced his most: "Mikhail Kharlamov. He played eight years with the national team. But I studied everybody. You take a little here and a little there. You can't take everyone at face value. You have to create your own style."

On playing against the pros for the world championship, actually: "Both the United States and Canada should have teams made up of pros. Also Sweden and Finland. It should be the best. That would improve the quality of the tournament and it won't take a hundred on the Stanley Cup. That it would be a real world championship."

On when it might happen: "I don't know. It depends on you. Perhaps 1977, if everything will go smoothly."

On the Rangers: "They were pretty weak. I was expecting a lot better. We probably

Vladislav Tretiak

could have scored more goals, but in the first game it was difficult to get into it."

On what has been his toughest test in his career: "I suppose that he down to look at shape. He looks heavy and there are four years have gone by. And Hall is 34."

On his series of difficult matchups against: "Sergei Demko. I think he has trouble understanding the concept of entrance in it. It was something to be taken for granted. Finally after my accurate demonstration, he got the message." "Tanner (Avalanche, former national team coach) taught me those long legs and low pucks have to be pulled up by the legs so they won't be pulled."

On what the series will prove: "The result in hockey is doesn't matter who wins or loses. The value is that we are meeting and that we keep on meeting."



Tretiak: In 1972 they said he had a shoe glove-hand, that Dennis Hall would have him out of the net they don't say that now

accusation asking: "What am I bid for one half penny?" said Frank Terpedino.

This scenario is probably more far-fetched than real, but there is little doubt that Smith's 63-page ruling is significant. The collective bargaining agreement between the owners and the players' association expired December 31. Although immediately, the owners asked the Kansas City Federal Court to annul Smith's decision, claiming that both McNally and Messersmith were not proper signers for arbitration. If the court throws out the appeal, which seems likely, "it's quite conceivable



McNally and Messersmith (top) and arbitrator Boris Buschauer (above) involved in a 1976 controversy

that is a negotiated settlement, there'd be adjustments in various areas, including the reserve clause," says Dick Miron, general counsel for the players' association.

Other sports have worked out compensation systems, so that means that low players in other clubs after the option year are compensated with other players or draft selections. Ted Lusk, now in the U.S. District Judge Earl Larson said the National Football League's compensation formula—the so-called Rostker Rule—violates antitrust laws and is illegal. This decision, expected to be appealed by the league, will also have widespread repercussions. Antitrust behavior has been a likely fallow professional hockey's issue in which compensation is determined by an independent arbitrator when a player goes to another club. The owners, as stipulated, face an uphill battle in the courts, the players clearly hold the negotiating edge. In the end, it is widely felt, the owners will probably choose to settle through the collective bargaining process. Half a loaf is better than none.

BOB ELLIS

Godless Commies win! QB named Queen of May!

Sports column by John Robertson

In recent weeks the nation's sports pages have been filled with the great exclamations of jaded journalists reviewing the white-hot highs of 1975. What's been missing of course is some expression of the events of 1976 which promise to be at least as encompassing. When this year is over for example, we'll recall that the Russians came and—without ever breaking into a sweat—conquered the National Hockey League. Cringing for an explanation, the president Clarence Campbell muttered: "The timing was atrocious. We should have realized that our players' deep belief in the spirit of Christmas would destroy them from the inside at home. The Russians' oldest and fondest wish, their birthday, gave them an unfair advantage. I demand a rematch in Moscow on May Day with Ottawa Attorney General Roy McNally refereeing."

Campbell's outlook was soon overshadowed by the specter of the 1976 Olympic Games. The movement began to build early in the year when Quebec premier Robert Bourassa announced that his number one priority would be salvaging the nation's future. Liberalism privately allowed as how their number one priority would be salvaging Bourassa's. Meanwhile, Montreal mayor Jean Drapeau returned to his underdogged bunker outside the city, accompanied by female nightfighter Eva Braun, and presided behind closed doors. "History will show that Montreal was hundreds of years ahead of even the Greeks and their first Olympiad. Toronto had to wait centuries before visiting Athens to rival among the nations of the first Olympics. Here, we've arranged it so people can walk among the ruins of our Olympics a full year before the games are even held."

The official opening of the games was delayed because Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were detained at the Quebec border as immigrants without a working knowledge of French. This no one could say as the princesses' close with a bang. As the last transporter filled out of the stadium, casually slumped in a gate's design \$750 million worth of Roger Taillibert's Fascist architecture shuddered and collapsed into a pile of rubble. Premier Bourassa looked back over his shoulder and turned into a pillar of his own misery. He filed an immediate claim for the total amount, which easily covered the Olympic deficit. Whereupon His Worship Mayor Jean Drapeau said all his bankers' money Canadian that he knew all along the games would be self-financing. (Architect

Taillibert, boarding an early jet for Paris was overheard chiding: "It was my great misfortune that triangle since I designed the Magneton Line.")

The World Hockey Association folded on the fall but president Henry Hladik concluded: "It wasn't a total loss. We may have failed to establish roots elsewhere in Canada, but Bobby Hull's successful last transplant will stand as a monument of hope to build new elsewhere."

National Football League commissioner Pete Rozelle probably showed charges that at least three of the league's starting quarterbacks secretly harbored sexual preferences ranging from the all-way up—or down—to below. "Look," he said, "in the old days guys used to go both ways all the time, and nobody said a word. It's a bum rap... well, it's a rap anyway."

In baseball, the Montreal Expos finished a dead-end happy loss in the National League East. The Expos' president John McHale defended his firing of Gene Mauch and the subsequent hiring of Karl Roubal. "Mauch was doing it for our image. How could a guy who both played and managed in the major leagues possibly communicate with our image players who aren't good enough to play up here? We may not have enough, but at least we now have consistency in the organization. I couldn't back it in the majors as a player and neither could any right-hand man, Jim Fanning, or my manager Roubal. And now we're building the players in our image."



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Press

SOUTHAIR: THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING NEWS SERVICE

In the contemplative and often desolate world of newspaper reporting, Southern News Service (sns) has long been regarded as something of a fortress. Its reporters, who came by a jolly crew, also correspondents thrust out across the country and around the world, long generally sold and occasionally brilliant reports to read off in Ottawa, from where they were re-



Leftist: more time to write, broadcast and play his harmonica

laid to the 14 daily papers¹ making up the Southern chain. Still not very big by Canadian newspaper standards (an average \$15,000), sns was behind of average income generation, precarious to outside positions with individual Southern papers and only a matter of time and advice. Launched in 1929 with correspondents in Ottawa, London and Washington, sns grew and prospered with the Southern communications empire (1974 total revenue \$222 million) by mid-1975, but had become a million-dollar-a-year news-gathering operation with bases in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Vancouver, Winnipeg, London, Paris and Prague. It embraced a full-time culture and arts reporter, as James Forman, a national economics correspondent in Don McElwain, a syndicated political columnist in Charles Lynch and a clutch of respected general-assignment poets. But too had also become a source of nagging distractions among many of the editors and publishers in the Southern chain. The reason: widespread with the threat and con-

test of too many stories, plus a feeling that was drifting. Now in the driver of a strike-affected by a three-member publisher's committee, the once happy ship has become unsteady to crew keeping an anxious eye on the lifeboats. The principal editor, Peter H. Walker, recalled to Ottawa where he'll remain.



test foreign affairs. The Paris bureau's days are numbered, with correspondent David Farnham likely to be assigned to London. The life-line bureau in already closed, and outside bureau chief Peter Lynch has decided to stay in the Maritimes to work for the CBC. Changes at the two headquarters in Ottawa have seen two reporters, Phil Gibson, 32, and Guy Derrin, 37, declared redundant. Gibson has accepted an editorial writer's job with Hamilton's *Star*. Derrin is working a transfer offer from *Edmonton's* *Journal* (Guy Derrin), an asset recruit who for several years held the title executive editor. He has been based in Paris of *Chicago* long-time editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*. Young, 49, assumes the top job of general manager of sns and Derrin will have given a substantial three-month assignment involving the United States to see about the biennial and to ponder his future. Lynch, 56, has been reduced of all administrative responsibilities as well and has been left to concentrate on his column, seeking engagements, and his literary hobby—playing the harmonica.

The three publishers who sit the changes in Ottawa—Frank Swenson of the *Calgary Herald*, Patrick O'Driscoll of the *Windsor Star* and John Evans of the *Pique* George *Globe*—passionately claim the stake-up in not part of an economy drive. The Pique, however, for instance is selectively kept in line because of

low Chinese business. And the publishers were surprised at the fact that changes have caused. Leading reporters from red-mails, including the Montreal *Star's* W. A. (Bill) Wilson and the *Globe* and *Mail's* Geoffrey Stevens, have called the decision to close down Halifax a mistake.

The Southern announcement of the changes and, in part, "sns is to put more emphasis on news gathering, and less on news events, background and interpretive and investigative articles, with the mobility of its correspondents the key to coverage of significant world events." To some, the last phrase sounded particularly close to the child-like and, in some eyes, described Canada's approach to world news known as "fire lighting," under which reporters are asked to act as a momentary notice from their hot tip. Former newspaper boss Philip, now in Ottawa with CTV, remarked: "A bureau is a window on the world. If you close it, it's like pulling down the blind on the window."

Southern Press Ltd. president Gordon Fisher who did not initiate but who approved the publisher's takeover, wonders: "If it's a window, it's in the mind of our readers." To cover the world properly with resident correspondents you might have to have a person in each place. Southern couldn't afford that.

BARRE CROCKFORD/MONTREAL

That lucky old Sun . . .

The *Globe* and *Mail* has long enjoyed a snug position as the only Canadian daily with any realistic pretensions to being both a newspaper and a journal of record, and a national paper. Now a brush against, the fiery and irreverent *Sun*, is beginning to threaten its dominance in its home morning market. At first glance, the *Sun* is the *Globe*'s most serious rival at 96. The *Globe*'s a 285. The *Sun* has only 15 working reporters; the *Globe* has almost double that number covering broad news news. The *Sun* has a vision of itself as lighting fast to take readers and advertisers away from the *Globe*, and recently the *Globe* has been willing to acknowledge the *Sun*'s existence.

"They're doing a helluva good job over there," says *Globe* publisher Richard Mulcahy. "But they're not outdoing us on market." Hurley Stewart, the *Sun*'s news director, doesn't see it that way. "They get news we're not around, and that suits me fine because we're getting all the time, and they're not doing anything about it. It's like watching a mouse trying to cope on a wheel; you have to advance each other as

the race of each nation's influence.

But out on the street corners where newspapers are sold—and in the broad-based offices where advertising is purchased—it is the mouse that is winning. Despite a steady increase in the potential audience, the *Globe* has been losing circulation for the past three years. According to Audit Bureau of Circulation figures in the fall of 1972, the *Globe* weekly circulation averaged 378,000; the weekend editions 280,000. Last fall the comparable figures were 348,000 and 238,000. For the *Sun*, the trend has been the opposite. In the fall of 1972, it averaged 71,000 on weekdays, and last fall the average was 11,000 on average of 40,000 at a time when most other newspapers in the country are falling. The growth—the *Sun* says the paper doesn't publish on Sunday—has been even more phenomenal: from zero to 205,000 in slightly more than two years.

And sales probably follow circulation. In 1972, the *Sun* took a massive 6% of all newspaper ad income in Toronto. For the first seven months of last year that was up to 15%. The *Globe* gain about 25%.

The idea of starting something similar to compete with the *Globe* and *Mail* took back in at least 10 years, according to Doug Wright, the 47-year-old publisher of the *Sun*, it was suggested as long ago as 1964 by John F. Brown, then son of the publisher of the now defunct Toronto *Telegram*. Brown's estate vetoed the idea. In 1971 the *Sun* closed, and the *Sun* opened the same week-end, using it, and it was mostly based on the *Sun*. The *Sun* began publishing in an era in a two-day history. Now, it is a new plant.

From the start the paper considered itself as at least as interesting as the news of the day. "We are as much a part of the story as we get the story as the story itself," says news director Stewart. It also demonstrated a flair for good-looking self-promotion that several readers see as part of the paper. For example, when some readers complained it is too slow, the paper's explanation of the paper's slowness was "Serious Girl." The *Sun* responded by issuing pictures of a "Serious Girl."

To a large extent it is a disposable paper, intended to be bought at a loss or, at worst, sold on the way to work, and discarded on the way into the office. Ironically all the weekly circulation is from street sales. News stories are brief and often poorly written, and the paper relies heavily on regular features and columnists. The most popular one is the paper's best-selling to readership survey is the editorial page—usually the opposite of most newspapers, where the editorial often sits below the obituary to read attacks—followed closely by columnist Paul R. Williams, who writes the story of his but the day's news. Readership polls are somewhat suspect though. The *Sun* once ran a literature survey in a poll, then closed its subscribers when they gave the newspaper a 100% readership rating.

NEIL ANDERSON

Travel

GREAT SILVER BIRD, GREAT WHITE ELEPHANT

For years the big question about Concorde was whether it would ever get off the ground. Now that it's flying high, wide and easy (regular service from Europe to the Persian Gulf and South America begins January 21), the question is whether the Americans will allow it to land. The answer is expected next month. U.S. Transportation Secretary William Coleman and it will determine the agencies' safety where the Air Force officials agree that Coleman allows Concorde to land at New York and Washington, the plane has a ticket. Otherwise it likely will become a national curiosity, just as Canada's midline Air Force.

Concorde was developed jointly, if expensively, by Britain and France to serve the North Atlantic route. Frequently tested by businessmen with those already in the air, it flew at more than twice the speed of sound (reaching speed 1,400 mph) and can sustain flight times in half. Rates are expected to be 20% over current first-class rates. New York and \$7.5 billion after the Concorde project was launched, a substantial more than just another aircraft. It represents western Europe's last best hope for staying in technology's major league, dominated today by the United States and Soviet Union.

With much at stake, it's not surprising that Britain and France are leaning heavily on U.S. officials who are looking for landing rights. They have managed to recruit two fairly powerful supporters—Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger. The President and his globe-trotting Secretary of State who could be expected to favor anything his shorthanded travel team between Washington and almost anywhere, are sympathetic to the case put forward by London and Paris. Ford and Kissinger are reportedly in the hot seat at the time of the Concorde's right to flight would trigger great shipwreck in two valued U.S. cities, and might even lead to attempts at economic revenge.

Nevertheless, Coleman's decision which will come after he has arguments from all sides, is not a foregone conclusion. Ridding the runway for Concorde are various environmentalists and less ob-

viously but more importantly, powerful U.S. corporate interests. According to its opponents, the supersonic jet must enter and take off in the same way that takes place in the pattern of houses for miles around airports, the sort of pollution that leads some scientists to fret for the earth's positive ozone layer and to predict an increase in skin cancer. Concorde's supporters, including British Airways and Air France, each of which has three of the planes ready to fly, concede the most problem. The aircraft is inefficient in subsonic speeds and considerably noisy at a level that may exceed supersonic flights, which the airlines promise would not occur over U.S. territory, the plane lays down a "boom" path, 50 miles wide. As for pollution, the airlines point to the existence of the environmentalists. They point out that roughly 1,400 supersonic military aircraft fly through the upper atmosphere every day, without sparking anyone.

Basically, Europe-bound Canadian businessmen of Flight Concorde will come if Coleman, a tough-minded Philadelphia lawyer, denies it landing rights. They are coming to British Airways spokesman Steve Howe, "both Britain and France might approach the Canadian government" for permission to serve Montreal and Toronto. But Canada is given a low priority. "New York is our main target," says Alan Brown, a British Airways managing manager. "Without New York we can't make a profit." The airlines predict the 100-seat jet would travel one third empty on a Canada-Europe run. The Americans, it seems, are the only people who can afford supersonic travel.

PETER GREEN/MILWAUKEE



The Concorde and Coleman: it may be the biggest, fastest thing in the air, but a man should be sure to make it an effort on a planetary level

*The Montreal *Gazette*: *Parade* Province, *Hamilton* *Star*, *Ottawa* *Citizen*, *Winnipeg*, *Toronto*, *Edmonton* *Journal*, *Windsor* *Star*, *North Bay* *Nugget*, *Medicine Hat* *News*, *Owen Sound* *Star*, *Timmins* *Frontier*, *Expositor*, *South Star*, *Prince George* *Globe*, *Calgary Herald* (total circulation 1,040,000).

Justice

THE CROWE AFFAIR: SCORE ONE FOR PEOPLE IN THE KNOW

The question were as tricky as they were important: should pro-sectarian supporters, equally people from survey on regulatory agencies? And if not, can such public officials reasonably be expected to remain impartial in issues where they have had prior involvement? To describe the answers no fewer than 14 witnesses representing the federal government, the National Energy Board, and major consumer and public-utility groups spent four December days in the hazy atmosphere of the Federal Court of Appeals, arguing the case of Marshall Crowe.

As stake was more than just Crowe's fitness to conduct National Energy Board hearings on the proposed Mackenzie Valley pipeline. The larger issue was Ottawa's rationale for its appointment to such regulatory bodies in the first place. The Canadian Radio-Television Commission, usually the court point of five judges found that Crowe's earlier involvement in planning the Mackenzie pipeline did not represent any conflict with his new role as vice chairman. But the Marshall Crowe case was essentially a remarkable affair with potentially far-reaching implications.

The charge of possible bias against Crowe was brought forward by several public-interest groups fighting the proposed Mackenzie pipeline. It was referred to the federal court for adjudication in October at the outset of the suit's hearings on the pipeline. The public-interest groups based their challenge on two grounds: that Crowe was actively associated with one of the pipeline companies (Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd.) before his appointment to the suit, and that Crowe was also involved in planning the pipeline in his earlier role as deputy secretary to the federal cabinet. The suit filed no information on the federal court was a regulatory corporation is cabinet planning beyond his own denial that he was deeply involved.

As for Crowe's involvement with Canadian Arctic Gas, the scandal-free minutes of the seven government committee meet-

ings he attended in 1972-73, when he was director of the company, list the minutes were far from complete with major decisions under such key headings as "Canadian Political Scene," "Status of Hearing Proceedings," and "Public Affairs." Canadian Arctic Gas, which applied the minutes to the suit in the first place, described the closed sessions as "deliberations." Because the role of the federal court required all the evidence to be set down in advance, no new information was forthcoming. The public-interest groups had one week after the referral of the case to the federal court to sue for more information, but failed to do so a later they later requested.

The public-interest groups' case for dismissing Crowe from the pipeline hearings was led by Ian Binnie, 36, a Toronto lawyer who has earned a reputation fighting just what developments on behalf of taxpayers. Leading the case for the suit and Crowe was Rousseau Ben Hyman, Solicitor, 62, a prominent Ontario lawyer and Liberal. The public-interest groups did not have to prove Crowe was biased because of his prior associations. They just had to prove the existence of a "reasonable apprehension of bias," a standard by which the decision of the suit on the Mackenzie Valley pipeline might have a reasonable apprehension that the decision was arrived at without any bias.

A search for precedents took lawyers for both sides as far back as 1881 and as far as Australia and New Zealand. The searches for precedents were largely futile.



WITNESS

though, because the court expressed doubts about the relevancy to the Crowe case of rulings in other jurisdictions regarding disqualification of public officials because of prior association with a matter at issue. Binnie succeeded in convincing the court that Crowe was heavily involved in decisions on the proposed pipeline while he sat on the management committee of Canadian Arctic Gas—the suit documents he now being asked to make as chairman of the energy board. Soloway and the other lawyers on the opposite side argued that in 1973-74, when Crowe was a member of the management committee for a pipeline with "economically vague" and Canadian Arctic Gas was just emerging "exploratory" feasibility studies. Binnie argued that Crowe had in fact been present at management committee meetings when a series of decisions were made leading up to the application to the NEB for approval of the pipeline. The critical meeting took place June 27, 1973, at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, where the main project committee, with Crowe present, decided unanimously on the routing and ownership of the pipeline. Now sitting on the suit, "Mr. Crowe is going to have to review a plan which he himself is involved," argued Binnie. "He cannot get away from this fact and therefore Mr. Crowe should be disqualified from this hearing. It is only by doing so that the public will have confidence the suit had a fair, second look at the pipeline suit.

While the first judge acknowledged Crowe's involvement in the planning of the pipeline, they unanimously felt a reasonable person would not be apprehensive of any bias at the suit hearings, because Crowe has severed his connection with Canadian Arctic Gas.

The decision was a blow for the public-interest groups, who now the case on an opportunity to set a precedent for regulatory agencies, most of which are crowded with people whose backgrounds are in the industry they are supposed to be regulating. One of the groups, the Canadian Institute for Justice and Liberty Foundation, was withdrawing an appeal to the Supreme Court in a victory for the suit and the government, which argue that a background in the industry is important, if not essential, for proper performance of a regulatory agency. Finally, it was a major win for Canadian Arctic Gas, which has been trying to get its pipeline over various legal hurdles. With the decision, the suit hearings on the pipeline continued—with Crowe as the chair.

JANIS QUART

Religion

ONCE THEY'D HAVE BEEN MARTYRS INSTEAD OF MEDDLESOME PRIESTS

In the past 15 years Quebec's Roman Catholic Church has been worked out as the educator of the province's Catholic children, lost its considerable influence in higher education and presided over a costly fall—from about 80% to 30%—in Catholicism attendance. All things considered the church badly needed the kind of liturgical renewal begun last year by 83-year-old cardinals Yves-Normandin in the



Normandin driven out from the temple

Last two months, Normandin has challenged Rome's own archbishop and has even found himself in court because he insists on serving Mass in Latin—using the 400-year-old Tridentine Rite. Alarmed by the Church's progressive leadership and the adoption of a new service drafted by the Vatican's Holy See (and revised by Pope Paul VI in 1969), Father Normandin said that serving the traditional Mass one year ago in his modern St-Yves Cathedral in Montreal's St. Michel parish, once a week. He found a ready audience. People who held their Mass in church in 10 years turned up. Others came from far out of town. One man tracked his 14th birthday 136 years back to attend. The parish house was reduced and the offertory overbooked.

When Montreal Archbishop Paul Gauthier after reading comments to Mass with Normandin dismissed him from his post in early November, the outbreak, and a small band of supporters, associated by occupying the church for three weeks.

Normandin is not the first Catholic priest to defy the new Rite of Pope Paul. Some marveled the Pastoral Mass (since 1968) that Mass has been translated into virtually every language in the world. In Ca-

nada Latin as well as the whole canon of the Vatican II liturgical reform was that priests and congregations celebrate in their own languages. In St-Jovite, England, Father Oswald Baker has likewise been dismissed from his benefice for performing the Tridentine Mass (abolished after the Council of Trent, 1545-1563).

Still larger is a dispute over the use of Latin the current controversy actually embraces reads within the Mass as well. Now, priests may face the congregation during the ritual, bread is placed in the hand of the communicant, not on his tongue, women are allowed in the sanctuary, the monstrance is to be removed, and there are different prayers.

Like Baker, Normandin has appealed his dismissal to Rome, and declines comment on his motives pending that decision. In the meantime, he is planning services in private halls around the city. But Montreal's Bishop Marois, counselor to the Archbishop of Montreal in Ottawa, who forwarded Normandin's appeal, says "I'm afraid it will be very difficult to see him coming back to his church." Canon law demands that during the appeal period the appeal must stand on its own. In the opinion in Rome, Canon William Purdy, of the Vatican's secretariat for Christian unity, confirms Normandin's dim prospects.

"The case of the Quebec priest has caused little interest here," says a Vatican official. "It is a disciplinary matter now for his local bishop." Canadian Roman Catholic officials up to Sen. Father Everett MacNeil, general secretary of the Catholic Conference, "Normandin is trying to do his own thing. But there is no possibility of giving Montreal priests to support him. The theory is that Father Normandin is being forbidden to do what—400 years ago—he would have been authorized for doing."

CARL GLENN DAVID WILLEY/ALAN HARVEY

The Lord helps those...

Although it takes in \$1.5 million annually in gross revenues, even real estate worth an estimated \$10 million in dollars and a \$25,000-a-month mortgage payment, Toronto's People's Church—the largest Protestant congregation in Canada—is scarcely a conventional house of worship. Instead, with a mixture of unashamedly flamboyant style and low-key evangelism, it sells a daily dose of 4,940 spiritual messages weekly, including sermons of thousands more are eager and loyal consumers. The guiding hand of the church, which also runs a 200-acre drug market, belongs to the Reverend Dr. Paul Brunner Smith, 54,

who once described Roman Catholicism, Mormonism and Jehovah's Witnesses as "the cults." Son of obscure Bible salesman Oswald Smith, who founded the People's Church in 1928, the charismatic "Dr. Paul" has honorary doctorates conferred by an obscure Florida Bible college—conducts Sunday services complete with a 30-piece orchestra, 85-piece choir and high-profile guest speakers (among them: comic Duke Evans, astronaut James Irwin and right-wing radio commentator Paul Harvey).

"I guess you'd have to say our services are flamboyant," says Smith, who once brought in home into his pulpit to flourish a sermon: "I don't see any reason why religion has to be boring, it doesn't matter how good your message is if you don't get the attention of your audience." Like the church itself, the show preaches "an unmoderated Bible" education, through the blood of Christ and victory over all known sin. "We tend to be more dogmatic than other churches."

Despite authoritarian leanings, The People's Church is obviously doing a roaring business. The 14-story corporate campus employs 11 full-time ministers. A two-week cruise for families and its residents earlier this year raised \$858,000 in pledges. By watching his own video tapes, Smith has learned to polish his technique. Recently, his director told him which was his good side. "That did a



Smith: the wages of salvation aren't laid

lot for me," he jokes. "It made me aware that I have a bad side."

Both before and not too far removed from this church's basic philosophy: "We don't believe man is inherently good and giving better," says one People's official. "We believe he is sinful by nature, with a propensity to go wrong."

ELLERMAN

and his boxing career was resurrected from 1967 until late in 1970 he was called from the ring. In 1971, when the U.S. Supreme Court overturned Ali's conviction, he began his boxing comeback as boxer. By 1974 he was undisputed World Heavyweight Champion and the biggest box office draw in the West. Celebrations fought like hell for his return to boxing. Elizabeth Taylor and Henry Kissinger wanted under the box arena lights next to injured Muhammad Ali. Outside the ring, he became the Third World Man from God, leading devotees from Uganda to the Philippines and back to visit, hoping to gain popularity from photos with the Champ after their first meeting with him in the boxing ring.

In publishing World Ali, he has also become his biographer, literary heavyweight Norman Mailer and Wilfred Brundage have written books about him. But even in the world of letters Ali seems not to be the greatest. His autobiography, written with the help of Richard Durham, has an under-theory that stinks like a well-delivered uppercut. Ali knows how it feels to box when someone deposits in a fighter's hands make it more painful to deliver blows than to take them. He knows the feeling of desperation a fighter has when trying to secure pay before going into the ring so he won't starve his family after a bloody punch. His triumph seemed to be that boxing can be an expression of human excellence. His return to the ring, as his book clearly describes, has more to do with his ability to stand up than the intellect or knowledge in a down. "We don't do no thinking," said Joe Frazier to Ali after a grueling 15 rounds. Being able to stand up and go the limit is not a reflection of mental but of the human spirit.

BARRERA/ALLEN

Snow Business

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF HAROLD GREENBERG

The Canadian film industry used to be Harold Greenberg's favorite charity. In the past few years Greenberg's company, Aural Believe-Profits, has taken a \$300,000 cash investment in film production companies, quickly shoring up Greenberg's cash in the crucial moments made it possible for a number of directors to complete their films. But now Greenberg has decided that when it comes to movies, it's better to receive than to give. His cash party is making \$10 to \$15 million into eight Canadian feature films over the next year and Greenberg is fantasizing himself from a silent investor into a tough, money-conscious producer. "People used to make films here for the sake of making them," he says, "but now you get the pay who puts his money down at the box office." Greenberg is trying to change that. He's offering the script for the directors and then pulling together the financing, convincing executives and shooting, and marketing the finished product.

Greenberg has two pictures already in production: a thriller called *Revolution* from which he is co-producing in Toronto with Twentieth Century-Fox, and an Executive's picture called *The Little Girl Who Cried Down the Lane*, being filmed in Montreal starring Maria Bello, Sherry Judd, Foster and Alex Smith. In the planning stages are a three-million-dollar musical version of David Copperfield, a Western produced with Brian's Bank, a suspense, a film called *The Gator*, starring Massimo Martignetti, and a film called *The Wolves*, a co-production deal with Italian producer Carlo Ponti. He is also negotiating the financing of a film based on Monty Python's novel, *St. Vincent's*. All of them are made—and in the movie business, nothing is made—until the cameras roll—Greenberg will have spent more than \$10 million in one year than anyone in the Canadian film industry has ever managed before.

Greenberg seems to be the right man, at the right company at the right time. Aural Believe-Profits is a multi-comprehensive which includes the largest motion picture production operation in the country (most of the feature films made in Canada are produced in Believe-Profits' labs), a chain of camera shops and a film distribution system. With revenues of \$22.3 million last year, Aural Believe-Profits has the financial and physical resources to attract international investors and producers. Investment money has become more readily available since the federal government introduced tax breaks last year that make it

possible for investors to write off 80% of the money they put into Canadian films. Greenberg and his organization were ready to take advantage of the situation. "We've spent several years sifting through hundreds of scripts and amazing competent people to run the business," he says. "It's in place now. We have a good business in place now. We're going to be successful."



Greenberg: the importance of being bold

has the physical presence for it. He's a company, he means with the best of the old-time picture producers, and his back pocket is almost a *Daddy's* *Money* copy. He runs one of the most successful movie companies in Montreal and Vancouver. He has a physical presence for it. He's a company, he means with the best of the old-time picture producers, and his back pocket is almost a *Daddy's* *Money* copy. He runs one of the most successful movie companies in Montreal and Vancouver. He has a physical presence for it. He's a company, he means with the best of the old-time picture producers, and his back pocket is almost a *Daddy's* *Money* copy. He runs one of the most successful movie companies in Montreal and Vancouver.

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- 6. Shogun, Shogun (1)
- 7. The Gator, The Gator (1)
- 8. The Little Girl Who Cried Down the Lane, Sherry Judd (1)
- 9. The Wolf, The Wolf (1)

MONITORING

- 1. The Canadian Film Institute, Montreal (1)
- 2. The Canadian Film Institute, Montreal (1)
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An enquiry into the ways and means by which David Barrett screwed it up

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It is, one would think, one of the more difficult tasks in the world to concoct. How does a government turn away a near quadrupled mandate—35 of 39 seats—in just three years? It takes an imagination to devise such efficient self-destruction. It is a remarkable feat, if one can manage it, because the score—while not overly inflated—was not unduly unimpressive—it is merely fair. The election, generally being more what you see than what you get, tends to let a well-meaning government have a second time to find its feet.

To demonstrate how tough this to control public inside as quickly as the new government of British Columbia, there hasn't been a provincial regime since the war that disappeared so swiftly. The United Farmers of Ontario lasted just four years in power in 1919. The Talmor government in the revived province term in the Department. The first Liberal National regime in Quebec lasted just three years in the late 1930s. But until the David Barrett brave new world of 1972-5 have we seen the art of homicide noted to such perfection. And thus the government fell on its own volition, it is simply what they called the election with two full years to go on its mandate and cheerfully was swamped by the coalition of freedom car dealers, self-styled, various Liberals and class-jumping Tories collected around the inexperienced Bill Bennett, a man in politics only two years. In retrospect, it now seems so simple. What seemed so difficult David Barrett made appear easy. Barred in public may yet become a legend of the fall.

First of all, what you do if you are intent on giving the position of making the most affluent person of the world yet to vote in occasion is thank your most generosity at the referendum vote. That means instantly doubling the salary of all members of the legislature to \$24,000 and picking the premier's salary to \$52,000—as that will be \$4,000 more than the prime minister of Canada. When faced with that disparity you then reply, "It's worth it." So much for domestic issues.

Next, as premier you rationalize yourself with a callow, shallow personal staff—two left reporters and a bus driver. As a man educated in the United States, you never had the chance to develop a network of friends, relations, or contacts with old money. Despite all the advice against it, all the signs of impending doom, you stubbornly stick with the same crew that is apparently damn in the reporters who view their performance.

When the \$180 million overrun in welfare costs is discovered, you dismiss it as first as "a clerical error." You casually announce on TV that education commissioner John Barker is "a Reg" and you behead Barker, leaving the news from his TV set in some surprise. You \$30,000 in severance pay and send the government. The education car hired to replace him is stolen and used. A senior executive of the government-owned auto insurance plan is paid \$52,000 to go away. Another executive of the plan is dismissed, sent and col-



lects \$29,729. The public, head spinning at the runoff of dollars, boggles and watches. To make sure the public gains the impression that a group of children are loose in the only store you quickly want to Europe trade so Japan, in China. The trade minister goes to Sweden, the resources minister to Belgium, the welfare minister to Israel, the consumer minister to Australia (Of the nature of 38-22 caused the nation).

The public is allowed to get the impression that a gross air of carelessness abounds. All Newfoundland a car crash dispatcher is made a \$45,000 minister-with-responsibility is given a \$40,000 budget and immediately loses an "executive assistant" at \$15,000, an "executive planning consultant" at \$15,000, a "social policy coordinator" at \$15,000, a "public liaison officer" at \$15,000 and an "administrative assistant" at \$24,000. Some private cost savings give increases of up to 40%. His driving car is stolen and he will take them to \$17,250. Pie charts on the air. Bennett gets more than \$12,000. There is a swinging locker-room mentality around some of the re-elected that allows one female columnist to write that a fellow mem-

ber "has more worth besides scattered around town than Squibbles".

Throughout it all a steady stream of innovative legislation is produced—family limited trusts, consumer loans backed up, pharmaceuticals and monies for the aged, a better return on forest royalties, protection of the family farm, better transit systems, the legal system streamlined. But no one seems to explain it, the new being seen in an evangelist fervor that the magnitude of its actions will automatically shine through. To make sure the message does not get through, you foolishly lie yourself down in Victoria with a double portfolio—attempting to handle not only the premier's job but the finance post as well. It means that your party's best weapon—your communicative gifts and showman-ship—is ashered to a desk.

Then, to make the picture complete, you refuse to present the crucial acceptance to who speaks the cabinet—the twofold ministerial master who covers his lips when he reads the new education transfer while heads shake when the attempt to face the press, the communications minister who won't answer questions on the House and goes instead. Only in the end of the three years, when it is too late when the public has long since given up, is one last minister let go and another moved. The social worker is premier, too loving to be able to call the cabinet.

The now-elected on 39% of the vote—succeeded in never giving the impression to you governing on behalf of 100% of the population. It is hard to give the direct art of government on behalf of just 39%. To make the suicide efficient and clean-cut, the election was called without warning for redistribution which would have shed up the bulky cabinet and savings interest with apparently no debt left behind. Even better, Bennett did not wait for his election against art which would have thrown up the other minority parties and put full credit on the Jewish Social Credit bank fund.

It was a most impressive last-minute mission. The Barrett government, producer of some of the most progressive legislation in Canada since the quiet revolution of Jean Lesage, proved in the end the most expert politician ever let loose on the stage. The new debt with last produced a truly modern minister in Bill Bennett, the only premier in Canada who has ever been in minority since the rule of a second government that contains one shining characteristic: free car dealers. For these, we give thanks to David Barrett.

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